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WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 6

COMPILED AND ARRANGED
BY
ELSIE M. WILBOR

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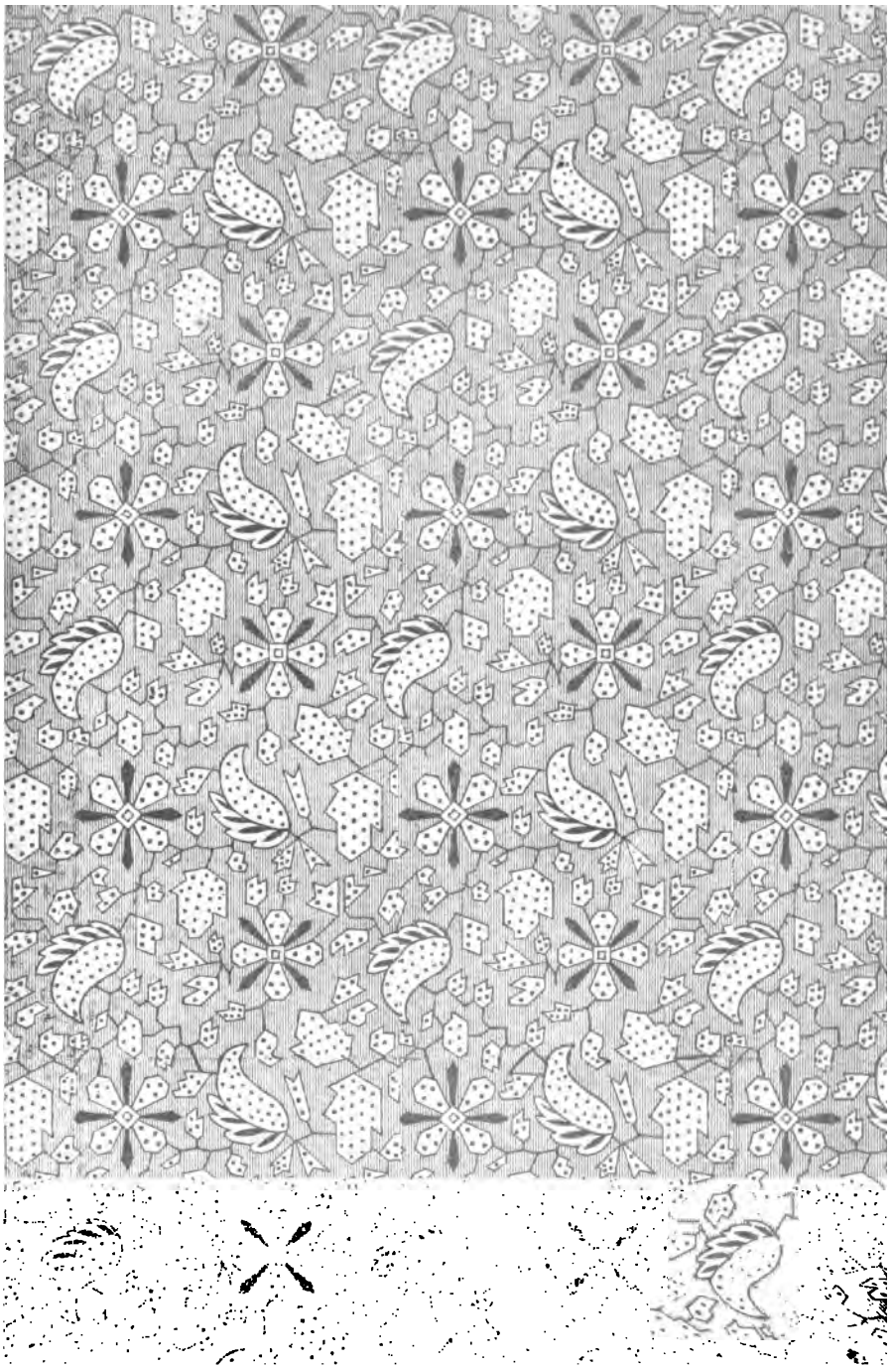

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READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

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COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

ELSIE M. WILBOR.

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1891.

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WERNER'S

Readings and Recitations.

No. 6.

THE CHRIST CHILD.

ELSIE M. WILBOR.

[One of the most beautiful legends of Germany is the legend of the Christ Child—not the word Christ Child as we commonly understand it, synonymous with Kriss Kringle, Santa Claus, or "St. Nick," but Child from Christ. Once a year, at the instant that Christmas morn dawns, the Christ Child hovers over the earth. It is supposed to be a child sent by Christ, and selected from the children that have died during the year. It stays but a moment, and is visible only to the pure in heart. Those persons that see it are specially blessed throughout the ensuing year; and if a wish be made while the vision lasts, it will be granted.]

KARL KRAEMER had not walked for two years. Not because he did not want to, oh, no! He had thought over again and again his few possessions, and would gladly have given up all of them to regain this pleasure. He had even reckoned his little brother Hans among his belongings, and had decided to part with him as a last resort; though, if his decision could have been brought to a test, Karl would have remained lame forever rather than lose Hans.

Two years were a long time for a once active boy to keep still; for in all those weary months he had moved only to be carried from the bed to the window, except on rare occasions when, with his crutch under one arm and mother steadying him by the other arm, he had jerked himself along for a few feet to his big chair. But these occasions grew less and less frequent, and four months had passed since the crutch had been taken down.

To-day, a bright December day, Karl lay thinking over for the five-hundredth time the scene of the accident that had deprived

him forever from being like other boys. Every detail of that afternoon came back to him. Again he heard his comrades shouting: "Karl, Karl, come to the ice." Unconsciously his feet twitched under the coverlid in response to the call. How the ground fled from his step in the merry race to be the first to touch the large stone at the head of the pond, and so be made leader of the afternoon's sports!

"Ha-ha, I am here;" and he hurried on his skates for a trip over the ice and back before Otto and Louis came, just to stretch the knots out of his legs after their cramped position under a school desk all day.

"Hurrah! I'm off!" he shouted, and started, putting all his strength into the start. That first move—he knew no more.

From that instant all was blank to him until he opened his eyes and saw his mother's frightened face looking down at him. He moved—oh, the pain! What did it mean? Then they told him that his skate-strap had broken, and that he had fallen backward over a stone—the very one he had been so eager to touch; and, later, they told him what he scarcely realized then,—that he could never walk again.

Since then, all the days were alike; but the last few weeks had been so full of suffering that Karl wondered how it would feel to have no pain for one whole hour. This thought seemed to bring another, for his face suddenly brightened.

"The Christ Child!" he exclaimed. "How could I have forgotten that for two years! I will try to see it and wish—wish that I may be ill no more."

From that moment the idea never left him. He thought of it through the long hours of the day, and dreamed of it through the longer hours of the night. It seemed as if Christmas eve would never come. The only thing that troubled him was the thought that perhaps he had not been good enough to see the Christ Child. Once he asked his mother in a pleading, half frightened tone:

"Mother, have I been a good boy this year? I don't mean good all my life, but just this year."

His mother, with a vague feeling of alarm, replied:

"Why, Karlie boy, of course you've been good. You were never very naughty like most boys, dear, but you are almost an angel now. Why do you ask?"

But Karl made no answer, for her words had lifted him away from the earth to the bright somewhere, where the Christ Child dwelt.

It was Christmas eve. A feeling of happy secrecy was in the very air. The last pan of cookies, each with a figure of Santa Claus on the top, had been taken from the oven. Mother's loving fingers had knit the last stitch in the bright red comforter for Hans, and her tender eyes had dropped their last tear on the warm, home-made slippers for the dear invalid. Hans could hardly wait till morning to give Karl the rabbit that he had worked so hard to earn. He had often heard Karl wish for some pet to amuse him, and the rabbit would be just the thing.

"It is so cunning, I know he'll like it. And then," reasoned wise little Hans, "I can play with it, too, so it will be a present to both of us. There's nothing else that I could give Karl and have some of it myself, unless it is cake, and he might eat all of that; then I wouldn't have any of my present after all!"

Karl, too, had his secret; but no one dreamed of the happy thoughts that chased each other through his mind.

"Won't they be surprised when I jump out of bed to-morrow morning, before it's light, and run around wishing them a merry Christmas! The little mother will like it better than any present I can give her."

Poor Karl! he did not stop to think that he was too weak to walk, even if he were not crippled. He was still planning surprises when his mother came to tuck him up for the night.

"Oh, mother, I feel so much better to-night!" wincing, as he spoke, at a terrible dart of pain.

"Ah, Karlie, if I could only believe that you were really better, it would indeed be a happy Christmas for me," and his mother stroked back the fair hair.

"But I am really better; you shall see," said Karl, bravely trying to imagine that he was very much better. "And now,

mother, will you give me my crutch? I want it beside me to-night—just to-night; and please roll my bed near the window. Please," he pleaded, as his mother hesitated; "you will know why in the morning."

So the crutch was laid beside him, and the bed moved to where a great, bright star looked right down into Karl's happy, tired face.

"Good-night, mother dear, good-night," he whispered, hugging her tight. He felt as if he were robbing her in keeping the happy secret to himself, and so he hugged her the tighter to make amends. "We shall all be very happy to-morrow, shan't we?"

"Yes, dearie; are you in pain?" she added, noticing a drawn look on his face.

"No, not much, only so tired. I shall be all right in the morning," he added eagerly, to reassure her. "Good-night, little mother;" and his mother kissed him and hurried from the room to hide her tears.

Karl was alone. The last night of suffering had come after so many days of waiting. The clock struck nine. Through the half-opened door he could see that the light was burning brightly, and he heard the creak of his mother's chair as she rocked to and fro. He tried to fix his mind on the wish he would make when the Christ Child appeared; but his thoughts wandered aimlessly hither and thither, touching now on happy, then on sad memories. Now it was the medal that the good priest had given him for his drawings. He could feel the pat on the head, and hear the kind voice saying: "If you keep on you will yet be an artist, my little man; your work is very good." How his heart beat at the thought!

Then he thought of the time that Hans fell into the brook and was brought home almost dead. How white and strange his face looked, and how cold the baby hand felt when he touched it! As he thought of this a chill passed over him like the icy touch of Hans's hand again, and somehow it stayed—he could not shake it off.

The clock struck ten. He heard his mother push back her chair and move about preparing for bed. Then came voices; it was Hans moaning in his sleep, as he often did, and his mother soothing him. How far off it seemed! It was almost like hearing a story read. Then the light grew dim and all was still—the house was asleep. The great, bright star, sunk lower in the heavens, seemed to look more friendly at Karl. It seemed nearer to him than it had ever been before. Perhaps it was the chariot waiting for the Christ Child. Or perhaps it was his sister, who had died just after his injury, watching to see him made well. Why had he not thought of her before? It had been a long time since her name had crossed his lips; he would say it just to hear how it sounded. "Lena," he called softly; and the star seemed to smile and draw nearer at the word. He listened for his name in response—

The clock struck eleven. How drowsy he was getting! What if he should fall asleep and miss the Christ Child! He would sing very low so as to disturb no one. He chose the hymn beginning:

"Gepreiset seist du Jesu Christ,
Dass nun der Tag erschienen ist."

"Praised be Christ our Saviour
That now the day has come."

It sounded very sweet and full of meaning, for the day would soon come, and oh, what a happy day for all! Just then his hand touched the crutch.

"Poor old crutch; you have had a lonely, dull life since you came to me, but you will soon be free, for I shall be well to-morrow. Do you hear? I shall be well. But I shan't forget you even though I don't have to use you any more. You shall hang right by the window where you can see me at play, running and jumping like the other boys. And I will tie a ribbon on you, a bright red ribbon. Good-bye, old crutch. Now I must watch for the Christ Child; good-bye."

Karl turned his face toward the window. "It must be almost twelve o'clock," he murmured, "and then I shall be well. I'll count the ticks: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—the clock never ticked so slowly. I believe it is trying to make twelve o'clock late, just as I used to be late at school sometimes."

His thoughts were becoming incoherent. Just then there was a whirring sound in the machinery and the clock began to strike. Karl scarcely breathed in his excitement, as he watched the twinkling sky to see it open for the Christ Child.

A shimmering, undefinable something approached. Nearer and nearer it came, shaping itself as it sped toward the earth into a being of glorious beauty. Midway in the air it stopped, with wings outspread and fluttering, throwing myriad rays of light upon the unconscious world. One ray fell near Karl, lighting his pale face with a strange glory. With a great effort he raised himself and, stretching out his arms toward the figure, cried: "Make me well, O Christ Child, make me well!" and sunk back on the pillow.

For an instant, the radiance of the vision filled the tiny room, making all things bright as day, and a strange, white, winged shape—was it a soul?—floated through the window and upward on the path of light. Then the brightness faded out, and the room seemed darker and stiller than ever before. The great, bright star still shone, but other eyes beheld it; it had sunk beneath the horizon.

Christmas morning dawned bright and cold. Mrs. Kraemer was astir early, but she did not waken Karl. She was very glad to have him sleep, and he seemed resting so quietly, with his face turned toward the window. Perhaps he really was getting better, and happy thoughts came fast as she planned what should be done when he was well.

The clock striking seven roused her from the pleasant reverie. She would go in and see if Karl were covered up, he was so restless some nights. She crossed the room on tiptoe, and peeped over at his face to be sure that he was really asleep, for he sometimes made believe, so as to throw his arms around her suddenly for a surprise. Something in his expression startled her; he had never looked so

strangely on other mornings. She laid her hand on his brow—it was icy cold!

"Karl!" she screamed, "Karl, speak to me, Karl! Oh, what does this mean?"

Then, like a flash of light, something came to her. She bowed her head as though from a blow, and whispered:

"It is all plain now. He has seen the Christ Child."

HOW THEY CAUGHT THE PANTHER.

ALFRED J. HOUGH.

IT was early in the summer, and the school was near its close
Down at Shady Rill; the children sat upon the seats in rows,
Conning well their morning lessons, only pausing to annoy,
More in youthful sport than malice, Eddie Royce, the cripple boy.

On the outskirts of the hamlet, not a dwelling-place in sight,
Near a stream and grove of maples, stood the schoolhouse, painted white.
There were stories that a panther had been seen, and every day
Some one lost a lamb from pasture in a strange, mysterious way.
Curious tracks were traced on highways, paths the cattle loved to take,
Smaller than a bear's foot outlines, larger than a dog could make.

Doors were opened wide that morning, windows lifted, and the air,
Sweet as our Green Hills can make it, fondled with the children's hair.
Rose, the teacher, moved to signal class, Third Reader, to the floor,
But a glance out through a window sent her to the entry door;
Swift she closed it, locked and barred it, shut the windows, dropped the blinds,
While the children watched her movements with strange looks and troubled minds.

"Children," then she said in whispers, "you must promise to behave
Like grown people here this morning, sitting still and calm and brave,
For I saw, and ought to tell you, what may be the panther near ;
But, shut in and sitting quiet, we are safe and need not fear."
Then the house (Rose told the story) grew as silent as a tomb;
Nothing but the clock tick, ticking could be heard all through the room.
Soon a low, deep growl assured them of the panther's presence near,
And the birds and cattle answered with their notes and tones of fear.
Round and round the house the creature snuffing, growling, pressed his way,
Then before the entry doorstep stretched himself as if to stay.
Silent, motionless, scarce breathing, anxiously the children sat,
And while Rose was vainly seeking this way of escape and that,
Eddie Royce came near and whispered plans that she at once approved.
Then in silence round the schoolroom calm and cautiously he moved,
Gathered from the pails the luncheons, passed out through the inner door
To the entry, spread the biscuits, meat, pie, cheese, upon the floor,
Then unbarred, unlocked and lightly drew the outside door a slight
Space ajar, crept to the schoolroom, closed its door and locked it tight,
Listening, till he heard the panther in the entry with the food.
At a signal Rose, the teacher, who the whole plan understood,
Raised a window, lifted Eddie, kissed and passed him to the ground,
Watched him till his form had vanished—then deep silence—then a sound ;
Eddie had the panther prisoned in the entry snug and tight,
While, in perfect order, passing through the windows left and right

Forth the children ran and gathered to the schoolhouse half a score
Of well-armed men, while Rose, the teacher, helping Eddie, held the door.
Light fell on the entry shining through side windows, high and small;
One contained a pane some scholar had once broken with a ball.
After much discussing, planning, Joe Lavene, the best shot there,
With a steady nerve and ready anything to do or dare,
Climbed a woodpile, placed his rifle through the broken window-pane,—
Down the panther dropped next instant with a bullet in his brain.
Joe stood watching as he struggled on the floor fast growing red,
Then he turned and coolly stated, "He's a big one, but he's dead."
So, through Eddie's manly courage, and with Joe's unerring skill,
That is how they killed the panther, children, down at Shady Rill.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

A TRUE STORY.

THREE little kittens, so downy and soft,
Were cuddled up by the fire,
And two little children were sleeping aloft,
As cosy as heart could desire;
Dreaming of something ever so nice,
Dolls and sugar-plums, rats and mice.

The night wore on, and the mistress said,
"I am sleepy, I must confess,
And as kitties and babies are safe in bed,
I'll go to bed, too, I guess."
She went upstairs, just a story higher,
While the kittens slept by the kitchen fire.

"What noise can that be?" the mistress said.
"*Meow! meow!*" "I'm afraid
A poor kitty-cat's fallen out of bed!
The nice little nest I made!"
"*Meow! meow!*" "Dear me! dear me!
I wonder what can the matter be!"

The mistress paused on an upper stair,
For, what did she see below?
But three little kittens, with frightened air,
All standing up in a row!
With six little paws on the step above,
And no mother cat to caress or love!

Through the kitchen door came a cloud of smoke!
The mistress, in great alarm,
To a sense of danger straightway awoke—
Her babies might come to harm.
On the kitchen hearth, to her great amaze,
Was a basket of shavings beginning to blaze.

The three little kittens were hugged and kissed,
And promised many a mouse,
While their names were put upon honor's list,
For hadn't they saved the house?
And two little children were gathered tight
To their mother's heart ere she slept that night.

A SHAKESPEAREAN PERVERSION.

"ROMEO, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"
Her voice reëchoes through the woodland drear,
In cadence rising high, then falling low,
Yet ever like a bell, so sweet and clear.
She calleth —no response— no one is nigh—
With anxious fears her voice doth lightly quiver;
The deaf ferryman heareth not her cry,
"Row me, O! Row me, O! Row me o' the river!"

JAPANESE PARASOL AND FAN DRILL.

MRS. MARY L. GADDESS.

TWELVE girls are necessary for this drill. The hair is worn high, with fancy pins and small fans stuck through it here and there. The dresses should almost touch the floor. The material is of the many-colored Madras goods that will represent Japanese style. A fan tied with ribbon hangs at one side.

They enter, six from each side, with open Japanese paper parasols of various colors. Six of the girls hold the parasols over their left shoulders and six over their right shoulders, so that when on the stage the parasols will be on opposite sides. They meet in centre and drop a stiff courtesy to one another, and then to the audience. All movements must be made with automatic precision. They then march to the front with a stiff, waddling walk. Quick galop time for the music is easiest to manage, and the selection may be from the "Mikado."

On reaching the front of stage and facing audience, they act as if frightened, and pull parasols suddenly over faces and scamper to back of stage. Then face audience from back and hold parasols open before faces. Suddenly shut them, as if firing off a gun. Drop down quickly all in a bunch on the floor, each at arm's length from the other, and dashing parasol open, whirl it round them on the floor. Quickly throw parasols over shoulders, and, rising to feet, put them over right shoulder and peep at audience out of left eye from under parasol.

Two by two, waddle to front of stage and, shutting parasols, drop down in a bunch on floor and fan rapidly to music till end of measure, when they again go to back of stage with the swinging movement, parasols over shoulder and fanning. The whole effect is in getting the waddling step right, and it requires considerable practice. When thoroughly mastered, it pleases greatly.

THE TINTAMARRE.

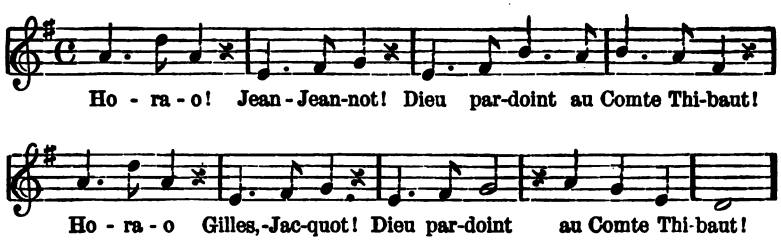
JULIA M. RYAN.

[According to tradition, Count Thibaut, of Blois, taking pity on the lot of those who toiled in the fields, fixed the hour for beginning and ending the day's work. Every evening when the bell of the tower had rung, one could hear the workmen nearest the tower warning their fellow-toilers either by shout or by the sound of their picks and spades, which they struck against one another. This was the Tintamarre, and during the confused hum could be heard the grateful shouts: "God pardon the good Count of Blois."—MONTEIL.]

[The refrain may be recited or sung. Give the prayer with fervor, the whole with spirit. For one not familiar with the French accent, it would be well to consult a living teacher, as otherwise much of the effect will be lost. The patois is here used, as seen by the form of the verb "pardoint" instead of "pardont." The words of the refrain change after each stanza.]

"NOW Maitre, this is the Tintamarre
Of the village of Carmeray."
So spoke a sunburnt campagnard
By the Beauron's winding way.
From hand to hand, from voice to voice,
Five hundred years men say,
It has summoned the weary to rejoice
At the death of the worker's day.

[REFRAIN.]



"Ha-ro-o!
Gilles, Jacquot!
Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!
Ha-ro-o!
Marthe, Margot!
Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!"
Au tout bon Comte de Blois!"

At the first sweet sound of the vesper bell
The harvester drops the hay;
And leaving the last tree where it fell,
The woodcutter turns away.
Then he thinks how his fathers' fathers toiled
From dawn to dusk of day;
And he crosses his tools in the Tintamarre
And he bares his brow to pray:

"Ha-ro-o!
Marc, Michau!
Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!
Ha-ro-o!
Jean, Jeannot!
Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!
Au tout bon Comte de Blois!"

The hurrying ploughman stops half-way
In the furrow turned for grain;
Alone he doubles the roundelay,
And with whetstone strikes his wain;
The ditcher, clearing his dusty throat,
Sends on the same refrain,
Till the wandering goatherd note for note
Gives the Haro back again:

"Ha-ro-o!
Luc, Arnaud!
Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!

Ha-ro-o!
Jules, Guillot!
Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!
Au tout bon Comte de Blois!"

Still the miller reckons his empty sacks,
As he stays in the mill alone;
Still the miserly farmers bend their backs,
For the harvest is all their own.
And ha! ha! ha! "It would grieve a Turk,"
The wiseacres sighing say,
"That the precious daylight God gave for work,
Men and women should dance away."

"Ha-ro-o!
Jacques, Renaud!
Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!
Ha-ro-o!
Jeanne, Babeau!
Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!
Au tout bon Comte de Blois!"

Now the fiddler's time of toil begins,
Yet he, too, gives thanks to heaven;
For, old and blind, he hardly wins
The scanty bread of seven.
And clattering after his dancing feet
Come the village children all,
As they mimic the sounds of the Tintamarre
And echo the elder's call:

"Ha-ro-o!
Gilles, Jacquot!
Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!
Ha-ro-o!
Marthe, Margot!
Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!
Au tout bon Comte de Blois!"

L'ENVOI.

Still the grandsires say, does the good Comte's soul
  Haunt forest and champ and close.
Still he claims his lordship on every bole,
And from every furrow thus takes his toll:
  "Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!
  Dieu pardoint au Comte de Blois!"

THE VISION OF ST. DOMINIC.

HE knelt alone on the cold grey stone
  In the shrine outside the city,
And he prayed to the Queen in heaven above
  For her gracious help and pity.
Sore he wept o'er the fold of Christ
  That the wolves had broken their fences,
And unchristian strife was in christendom rife,
  A strife with the Albigenses.

"O Lady," he cried, "I have preached far and wide,
  I have fasted and watched in anguish;
How long, how long, shall the Bride of Christ
  In sorrow and weakness languish?
Shall the foeman's host be able to boast
  In pages of future story,
That hell prevailed and His promise failed,
  Alas! for Thy Son's dear glory!"

He ceased his moan, a radiance shone
  On pillar and wall around him;
Was it the moon whose pitying beams
  In his lonely watch had found him?

Ah! well he knows, by the joy that glows
In his heart just now so lonely,
'Tis a visit from home—such light can come
From the face of our Lady only.

She stretched her arms to the kneeling saint,
The arms where his Lord had nestled:
"Oh, all the while" (she said with a smile),
"Have I prayed for you as you wrestled.
But, Dominic, know that the Church shall owe
Her triumph, when discord closes,
Not to might of words, nor the force of swords—
She shall win by a crown of roses."

It faded from sight, that Presence bright,
Yet still in the church he lingers,
And ever the crown which his Queen dropped down,
Keeps wandering through his fingers.
When the pale dawn broke the saint awoke,
From his prayer he passed to his mission;
The chaplet of prayer in his hand he bare,
In his heart the peace of the vision.

THE CHALLENGE.

ROGER ATKINSON PRYOR.

A WARRIOR hung his plumèd helm
On the rugged trunk of an aged elm.
"Where is the knight so bold," he cried,
"That dares my haughty crest deride?"
The wind came by with a sullen howl,
And dashed the helm on the pathway foul,
And shook in scorn each sturdy limb,
For where was the knight could fight with him?

THE WRITING ON THE IMAGE.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

IN half-forgotten days of old,
As by our fathers we were told,
Within the town of Rome there stood
An image made of cornel-wood;
And on the upraised hand of it
Men might behold these letters writ:
"Percute hic," which is to say,
In that tongue that we speak to-day,
"Strike here!" Nor yet did any know
The cause why this was written so.

There came a man of Sicily,
Who, when the image he did see,
Knew full well who, in days of yore,
Had set it there; for much strange lore,
In Egypt and in Babylon,
This man with painful toil had won.
And doubted not that some great spell
It guarded, but could nowise tell
What it might be. So, day by day,
Still would he loiter on the way.

And on a day he stood and gazed
Upon the slender finger raised
Against a doubtful cloudy sky,
Nigh noontide; and thought: "Certainly,
The master who made thee so fair
By wondrous art, had not stopped there
But made thee speak, had he not thought
That thereby evil might be brought
Upon his spell." But as he spoke,
From out the cloud the noon sun broke,

And from that finger, carved to tell
Those words, a short black shadow fell
Upon a certain spot of ground.
And thereon, looking all around,
Swift with his knife about the place
A little circle did he trace.

So when at midnight he did wake,
Pick-axe and shovel did he take,
And, going to that now silent square,
He found the mark his knife made there.
And so, the stones being set apart,
He 'gan to dig with beating heart,
And from the hole in haste he cast
The marl and gravel; till at last,
Full shoulder high, his arms were jarred;
For suddenly his spade struck hard
With clang against some metal thing.
And soon he found a brazen ring,
All green with rust, twisted, and great
As a man's wrist, set in a plate
Of copper, wrought all curiously
With words unknown, though plain to see.
But small time had he then to stand
And think, so straight he set his hand
Unto the ring, lo! easily
It came away, and let him see
A winding staircase wrought of stone,
Where through the new-come wind did moan.
Then thought he: "If I come alive
From out this place, well shall I thrive,
And meet my fate whate'er it be."
Now, on his back a bag had he,
To bear what treasure he might win,
And therewith now did he begin
To go adown the winding stair;

And found the walls all painted fair
With images of many a thing,
Warrior and priest, and queen and king,
For lamps were hung up here and there
Of strange device, but wrought right fair,
And pleasant savor came from them.

At last a curtain, on whose hem
Unknown words in red-gold were writ,
He reached, and, softly raising it,
Stepped back, for now did he behold
A goodly hall hung round with gold;
And at the upper end could see,
Sitting, a glorious company.
A sudden blast of outer air
Blew out the lamps upon the stair,
And all was dark behind him. Then
Did he fear less to face those men
Than, turning round, to leave them there
While he went groping up the stair.
He raised the cloth and entered in,
In hope that happy life to win;
And drawing nigher, did behold
That these were bodies, dead and cold,
Attired in full royal guise,
And wrought by art in such a wise
That living they all seemed to be
Whose very eyes he well could see.

And midmost of that company
An ancient king that man could see;
And next beside him sat his queen,
Who in a flowery gown of green
And golden mantle well was clad,
And on her neck a collar had.
On either side of these, a lord

Stood heedfully before the board,
And in their hands held bread and wine
For service; behind these did shine
The armor of the guards, and then
The well-attired serving-men,
And minstrels clad in raiment meet.
And over against the royal seat
Was hung a lamp, although no flame
Was burning there, but there was set
Within its open golden fret
A huge carbuncle, red and bright,
Wherefrom there shone forth such a light
That the great hall was as clear by it
As though by wax it had been lit.
Six paces from the daïs stood
An image made of brass and wood,
In likeness of a full-armed knight,
Who pointed 'gainst the ruddy light
A huge shaft ready in a bow.
Pondering how he could come to know
What all these marvelous matters meant,
About the hall the Scholar went;
And still for fear, he doubted much
One jewel of their robes to touch.
But as about the hall he passed,
He grew more used to them at last,
And thought: "Swiftly the time goes by
And now no doubt the day draws nigh;
Folks will be stirring." Then he drew
Unto those royal corpses two,
That on dead brows still wore the crown,
And 'midst the golden cups set down
The rugged wallet from his back,
Patched of strong leather, brown and black.
Then opening wide its mouth, took up
From off the board a golden cup.

From the slim queen he thence undid
The jeweled collar, that straight slid
Down from her smooth throat to the board.
And when these matters he had stored
Safe in his sack, with both their crowns,
The jeweled parts of their rich gowns,
Their shoes and belts, brooches and rings,
And cleared the board of all rich things,
He staggered with them down the hall.
But as he went his eyes did fall
Upon a wonderful green stone,
Upon the hall floor laid alone.
He said: "Though thou art not so great
To add by much unto the weight
Of this my sack, indeed, yet thou,
Certes, would make me rich enow,
That verily with thee I might
Wage one-half of the world to fight
The other half of it, and I
The lord of all the world might die;
I will not leave thee." Therewithal,
He knelt down midmost of the hall,
Thinking it would come easily
Into his hand; but when that he
Gat hold of it, full fast it stack,
So, fuming, down he laid his sack,
And with both hands pulled lustily.
But as he strained he cast his eye
Unto the daïs, and saw there
The image who the great bow bare,
Moving the bowstring to his ear.
So, shrieking out aloud for fear,
Of that rich stone he loosed his hold
And, catching up his bag of gold,
Gat to his feet. But ere he stood,
The evil thing of brass and wood

Up to his ear the notches drew,
And, clanging, forth the arrow flew,
And midmost of the carbuncle
Clanging again, the forked barbs fell,
And all was dark as pitch straightway.

But in a while his hope returned;
And then, though nothing he discerned,
He gat him up upon his feet,
And all about the wall he beat
To find some token of the door,
But never could he find it more.
For, by some dreadful sorcery,
All was sealed close as it might be;
And 'midst the marvels of that hall
This Scholar found the end of all.

But in the town on that same night,
An hour before the dawn of light,
Such storm upon the place there fell,
That not the oldest man could tell
Of such another; and thereby
The image was burnt utterly.

ENCORE.

THE traveler o'er the desert wild
  Need not let want confound him,
For he at any time may eat
  The *sand-which-is* around him.
You may, perhaps, think it quite strange
  That he should find such pleasant fare;
But you forget the sons of Ham
  Were *bred* and *mustered* there.

A TREE-TISE ON NATURE.

LOUIS H. LEVIN.

OLD Nature teems with many things
Designèd for the good of man,
And all her wond'rous works confess
The wisdom of th' Almighty's plan.

One of her myst'ries I've explored,
And though nought's new beneath the sun,
I may surprise you when I say
She has a tree for everyone.

The girl who thinks of sealskin wraps
And nothing else—well, what of her?
It stands to reason that her tree
Can be no other than the *fir*.

There are some vain of pretty hands,
The slightest blemish breaks their calm;
I pondered long to find their tree,
I doubt not now it is the *palm*.

For those of us who lack in grace,
And miss the gift of beauty, too,
(I know this is unwelcome news)
The *wal(l)-nut* tree will have to do.

Some are who trust whate'er they hear,
And think folks say just what they mean;
I think it very clear to us
For them was made the *evergreen*.

Of teachers who, with winning ways,
  Make dark schoolrooms as bright as day,
With one accord we shout aloud:
  "O they, you know, are all *oak k.*"

And those who dress exact and prim,
  Affecting neatness, full of airs,
What is it that will suit them quite?
  Ah, now I know,—the *spruce* is theirs.

The English girls in boarding-schools,
  Who to the Cockney accent cling,
No doubt repeat with mournful voice,
  That, "*'ash,* you know, is just the thing."

To those who love to tell stale jokes,
  From whom in fear all mortals flee,
With pleasure we shall freely grant
  That everlasting *chestnut* tree.

Now give me *leaf* to make my *bough,*
  Though many trees I've yet to name;
This subject I cannot exhaust,
  Too many *branches* does it claim.

'Tis marvelous that there's a tree
  Appropriate for each bent of mind!
The reason is in mystery hid,
  The *root* of it I cannot find.

No longer will I mar this (*s*)*'appy* day,
  With verse uncouth, unpolished, rude and lame,
Lest you, impatient, eager for revenge,
  With cries of *tree-son* blast my muse's fame!

SANTA CLAUS.

THE other day I was at Tom McGinnis' house, and he had some company. He was a big boy and something like a cousin of Tom's. Would you believe it, that fellow said there wasn't any Santa Claus! The more I thought about it the more I got worried. If there is a Santa Claus—and of course there is—how could he get up on the top of the house so he could come down the chimney, unless he carried a big ladder with him? And if he did this, how could he carry presents enough to fill mor'n a hundred stockings? And then, how could he help getting the things all over soot from the chimney, and how does he manage when the chimney is all full of smoke and fire, as it always is at Christmas?

The story Tom McGinnis' cousin told kept on worrying me, and finally I began to think how perfectly awful it would be if there was any truth in it. How the children would feel! There's going to be no end of children at our house this Christmas, and Aunt Eliza and her two small boys are here already. I heard mother and Aunt Eliza talking about Christmas the other day, and they agreed that all the children should sleep on cot bedsteads in the back parlor, so that they could open their stockings together, and mother said: "You know, Eliza, there's a big fireplace in that room, and the children can hang their stockings around the chimney."

Now I know I did wrong, but it was only because I did not want the children to be disappointed. Neither do I blame mother, though if she hadn't spoken about the fireplace in the way she did, it would never have happened.

It all occurred yesterday. Tom McGinnis had come to see me, and all the folks had gone out to ride, except Aunt Eliza's little boy, Harry. We were talking about Christmas, and I was telling Tom how all the children were to sleep in the back parlor, and how there was a chimney there that was just the thing for Santa Claus. We went and looked at the chimney, and then I said to Tom what fun it would be to dress up and come down the chimney

and pretend to be Santa Claus, and how it would amuse the children, and how pleased the grown-up folks would be.

Tom agreed with me that it would be splendid fun, and said we ought to practice coming down the chimney, so that we could do it easily on Christmas eve. He said he thought I ought to do it, because it was in our house; but I said no, he was visitor, and it would be mean and selfish in me to deprive him of any pleasure. But Tom wouldn't do it. He said that he wasn't feeling very well, and that he didn't like to take liberties with our chimney, and, besides, he was afraid that he was so big that he wouldn't fit the chimney. Then we thought of Harry, and agreed that he was just the right size. Of course, Harry said he'd do it, for he isn't afraid of anything, and is so proud to be allowed to play with Tom and me that he would do anything we asked him to do.

Well, Harry took off his coat and shoes, and we all went up to the roof, and Tom and I boosted Harry till he got on the top of the chimney and put his legs in it and slid down. He went down like a flash, for he didn't know enough to brace himself the way the chimney-sweeps do. Tom and I hurried down to the back parlor to meet him; but he had not arrived yet, though the fireplace was full of ashes and soot. We supposed he had stopped on the way to rest; but after awhile we thought we heard a noise, like somebody calling, that was a great way off. We went up on the roof thinking Harry might have climbed back up the chimney, but he wasn't there. When we got on the top of the chimney, we could hear him plain enough. He was crying and yelling for help, for he was stuck about half-way down the chimney, and couldn't get either up or down.

We talked it over for some time, and decided that the best thing to do was to get a rope and let it down to him, and pull him out. So I got the clothes-line and let it down; but Harry's arms were jammed close to his sides, so he couldn't get hold of it. Tom said we ought to make a slip-noose and catch it over Harry's head, and pull him out that way; but I knew that Harry wasn't very strong, and I was afraid if we did that he might come apart. Then I proposed that we should get a long pole and push Harry

down the rest of the chimney; but after hunting all over the yard we couldn't find a pole that was long enough, so we had to give that plan up. All this time Harry was crying in the most discontented way, although we were doing all we could for him. That's the way with little boys. They never have any gratitude, and are always discontented.

As we couldn't poke Harry down, Tom said let's try to poke him up. So we told Harry to be patient and considerate, and we went down stairs again, and took the longest pole we could find, and pushed it up the chimney. Bushels of soot came down, and flew over everything, but we couldn't reach Harry with the pole. By this time we began to feel discouraged. We were awfully sorry for Harry, because if we couldn't get him out before the folks came home, Tom and I would be in a dreadful scrape.

Then I thought that if we were to build a little fire the draught might draw Harry out. Tom thought it was an excellent plan. So I started a fire; but it didn't loosen Harry a bit, and when we went on the roof to meet him we heard him crying louder than ever, and saying that something was on fire in the chimney and was choking him. I knew what to do, though Tom didn't, and, to tell the truth, he was terribly frightened.

We ran down and got two pails of water, and poured them down the chimney. That put the fire out, but you would hardly believe that Harry was more unreasonable than ever, and said we were trying to drown him. There is no comfort in wearing yourself out trying to please little boys. You can't satisfy them, no matter how much trouble you take.

We had tried every plan we could think of to get Harry out of the chimney, but none of them succeeded. Tom said if we were to pour a whole lot of oil down the chimney it would make it so slippery that Harry would slide right down into the back parlor, but I wouldn't do it, because I knew the oil would spoil Harry's clothes, and that would make Aunt Eliza angry.

All of a sudden I heard a carriage stop at our gate, and there were the grown folks, who had come home earlier than I supposed they would. Tom said he thought he would go home before his

own folks began to get uneasy about him, so he went out of the back gate, and left me to explain things. They had to send for some men to come and cut a hole through the wall. But they got Harry out all safe; and after they found that he wasn't a bit hurt, instead of thanking me for all Tom and I had done for him, they seemed to think that I deserved the worst punishment I ever had, and I got it. I shall never make another attempt to amuse children on Christmas eve.

MAY DAYS.

IN sweet May time, so long ago,
I stood by the big wheel, spinning tow;
Buzz-z-z! buzz-z-z! 'twas very slow,
Drawing threads from the shining tow,
When the heart was leaping so;
Gay hope went spinning a brighter thread,
On and on through life's lane it led,
A path my feet should one day tread.

So pleasant thoughts would time beguile,
Till my mother said, with beaming smile:
"My child may rest, I will reel awhile."
Rest, 'twas the rest that childhood takes,
Off over fences and fragrant brakes
To the wilds, where the earliest woodbines cling,
Spring of the year and life's sweet spring,
Words are poor for the thoughts ye bring!

But ye come together to me no more,
Your twin steps rest on the field of yore;
Ye are mine on yonder immortal shore.
But my steps were turned, I was up the lane
Back to the spinning-wheel again.

My yarn had finished the ten-knot skein,
And my gentle mother stroked my head.

"Your yarn is very nice," she said,
"It will make a beautiful table-spread.
You are my good girl to work so well."
Great thoughts my childish heart would swell,
Till the happy tears like raindrops fell.
I would toil for her, I would gather lore
From many books, a mighty store,
And pay her kindness o'er and o'er.

She should work no more at the field or loom;
My earnings should give her a cozy room,
Bright and warm for the winter's gloom.
A soft warm chair for her weary hours,
Books and music, pictures and flowers,—
So the sweet dream ran as the wheel buzzed on
Till the golden gleams of light were gone,
And the chilling rain came dripping down.

Cold clouds shading life's sunniest glow,
Warm hopes drowned in the cold wave's flow.
In that same low room my mother pressed
Each child to her softly heaving breast,
And closed her eyes and went to rest;
The old wall is crumbled long ago;
Hushed is the big wheel buzzing slow;
Worn to shreds is the shining tow.

Yet with the bursting leaves and flowers,
The gushing songs and pearly showers,
Life brightens as in childhood's hours,
And Hope this golden morn in May,
Spins golden threads that float away
To a heavenly home that is bright for aye.

THE RABBI AND THE PRINCE.

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

A MONARCH sat, in serious thought, alone,
But little recked he of his robe and throne,
Naught valuing the glory of control,
He sought to solve the future of his soul.
"Why should I bow the proud, imperious knee,
To mighty powers no mortal eye can see?"
So mused he long, and turned this question o'er;
Then, with impatient tread, he paced the floor,
'Till maddened by conflicting trains of thought,
And speculations vague which came to naught,
With feverish haste he clutched a tasseled cord,
As desperate hands in battle clutch a sword.
"Summon Jehoshua," the monarch cried;
The white-haired Rabbi soon was at his side.

"I bow no more to powers I cannot see.
Thy faith and learning shall be naught to me,
Unless, before the setting of the sun,
Mine eyes behold the Uncreated One."

The Rabbi led him to the open air.
The oriental sun, with furious glare,
Sent down its rays, like beams of molten gold.
The aged teacher, pointing, said, "Behold."
"I cannot," said the prince. "My dazzled eyes
Refuse their service, turned upon the skies."

"Son of the dust," the Rabbi gently said,
And bowed with reverence his hoary head,
"This one creation thine eyes cannot behold,
Though by thy lofty state and pride made bold,

How canst thou, then, behold the God of Light,
Before whose face these sunbeams are as night?
Thine eyes, before this trifling labor fall,
Canst gaze on Him, who hath created all?
Son of the dust, repentance can atone;
Return and worship God, who rules alone."

LIFE'S DAY.

TABLEAU RECITATION.

MRS. MARY L. GADDESS.

Twelve maidens are required to represent the twelve months of the year, or childhood, girlhood, maidenhood, womanhood, decline and old age. The girls are dressed appropriately for the months they represent. The first maid comes out and says:

1ST MAID: I love the breath of fresh damp earth
When early flowers of spring have birth;
The crocus and the daffodil,
Lift up their tender heads so still
And quietly, that spring is here
Almost before we think it near.

[*Stands aside for* 2D MAID, *who, advancing, says:*]

2D MAID: And then the sun with warm caress
Begins to smile, and kiss, and bless;
And one by one the little streams
Break into music, and the gleams
Of sunlight through the tree-tops fall,
And shed a golden light o'er all.

[*She steps back beside* 1ST MAID.]

3D MAID: The birds take up the glad refrain,
And summer time has come again.
Across the meadow as he goes,
The busy farmer plows and sows [*imitate sowing seed*]
With cheerful heart, believing soon
The harvest time will bud and bloom.
[*She retires beside others.*]

4TH MAID: All through the days so bright and long,
The hum of bees and birds' sweet song,
The rippling brook by mossy glade,
Each sylvan nook and pleasant shade,
Are full of peace and joy supreme,
And life seems but a happy dream.
[*Retires beside others.*]

5TH MAID: The red ripe fruit in orchards fair
Fill with perfume the summer air;
The new-mown hay and clover yield
Their wealth of incense o'er the field;
While hardy men with sickles keen
Add a new beauty to the scene.
[*Retires beside others.*]

6TH MAID: The grain is scattered on the ground,
Then into sheaves is quickly bound;
Homeward at last they wend their way
At close of the bright harvest-day.
The moon arises calm, serene,
To tint with beauty all the scene.
[*Retires beside others.*]

7TH MAID: The summer wanes; September sun
Ripens the corn. Autumn has come,
And crimson, purple, gold and brown
Become October's lovely crown.
The dead leaves rustle 'neath our tread,
The lovely summer now is fled.
[*Retires beside others.*]

8TH MAID: But Nature teaches lessons still,
Though silent be each tiny rill.
Squirrel and rabbit, hidden, play
Among their stores for winter day.
Men gather by an ample board,
With grateful thanks unto the Lord.

[*Retires beside others.*]

9TH MAID: The golden pumpkin stands supreme
Before them all, November's queen;
While goodly fruits and pleasant cheer,
Make glad the fall time of the year;
And though the summer days are gone,
The year is not of gladness shorn.

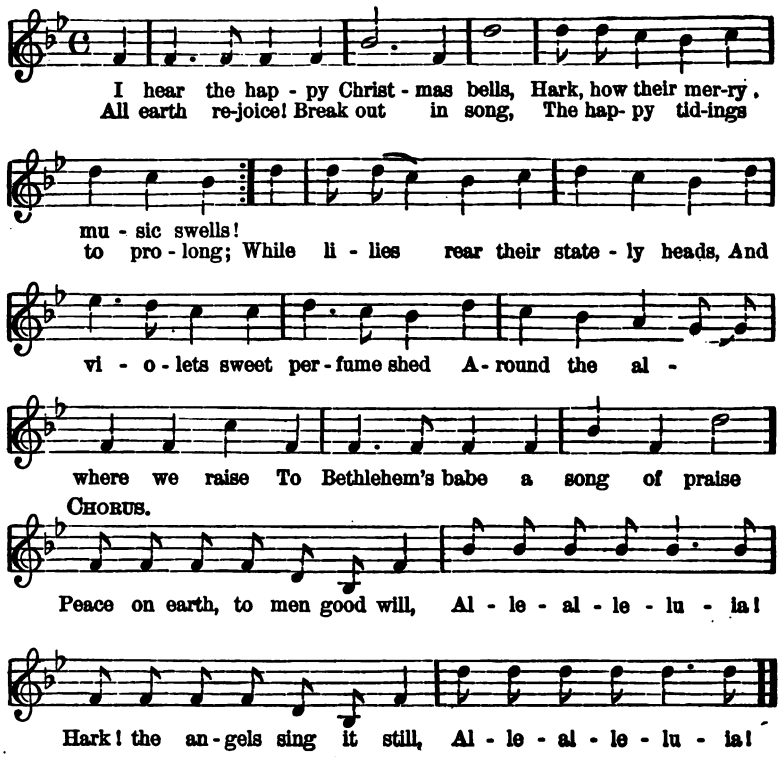
[*Retires beside others.*]

10TH MAID: Across the hills, one winter day,
The snow-clouds chased the sun away;
And ere the twilight, thick and fast
The white flakes fell at every blast,
Till field and meadow, moor and hill,
Were covered, and 'twas snowing still.

11TH MAID: The flakes so lightly fall around,
You scarce can see them. Not a sound
Breaks the deep silence; thus the snow
Will softly come and softly go,
Throwing a mantle pure and white,
Over the silent winter's night.

12TH MAID: But soon across the snow will steal
The Christmas chimes. Oh, hear them peal!
"Glad tidings, peace on earth, good-will!"
Ring out, glad bells! We would not still
Your notes of joy, but join the song,
The loud hosannas to prolong.

[*All join in chorus, advancing from back of stage; sing to music.*]



[*All stand now hand in hand, while some one advances from back of stage and recites:*]

READER: The New Year comes, and in her train
Is joy and sorrow, grief and pain;
Yet we can wait, and, trusting, go
Over the path we do not know,
Led by the Eye that sees the way,
And guides us through life's busy day.

For this is life. My little song
Has only been to lead along
With the year's changes, day by day,

And see if we may find the way
From early youth to eventide,
To walk with Nature, side by side.

And quickly, then, we all shall find
That Nature's God is very kind;
And if He can so clothe the field,
And bless with an abundant yield,
Surely He will no less supply
His children's wants, and hear their cry.

[*Curtain falls as all stand hand in hand singing the chorus above: "Peace on earth," etc.*]

UNSEEN YET SEEN.

I HAVE somewhere read in a thoughtful book,
Of an old cathedral over the sea
(A wonder of art, whose every nook
Is full of a charming mystery),
That up, high up, on the topmost point
Of roof and tower and belfry gray,
Which the gracious summer dews anoint
And the birds frequent in their airy way,
There are marvels of sculpture, rare and fine,
Flower and fruit and trailing vine;
And lovely angels with folded wings,
Cut from the stone like living things;
And pure Madonnas, and saints at prayer,
With reverent head and flowing hair;
Colossal figures by height diminished,
With every lineament finely finished.
Yet all this delicate tracery
Was not made for mortal eyes to see.

Who was the artist whose chisel wrought
Into exquisite work such exquisite thought?
Why did he labor for years and years,

Through days of travailing, nights of tears,
Under the stars and under the moon,
Dreaming, designing, at morn and noon,
To work those wonders in wood and stone,
Which God and His angels see alone?
God and His angels! Behold the key
To this strange, unworldly mystery!

That grand old artist mounted on high,
  Like an eagle perched in his eyrie lonely,
Working with hand and heart and eye,
  Was working for God and His angels only.
No mean, self-conscious motive stirred
  The tranquil depths of his patient heart
But praise or censure, alike unheard,
  In his chaste communings had no part.
Far, far below him the world was spread,
  Like a painted picture, small and dim;
And the voice of creatures, the rush and tread
  Of the mighty millions, were lost on him,
While the skies bent over him, blue and broad,
So full of the awful, unseen God.
Heaven seemed so near, and earth so far,
No selfish thoughts could his labor mar
  Ah! what a lovely moral lies
Hid (like the delicate tracery
On roof and tower and gray belfry
Of the old cathedral over the sea),
  In its storied legend's dim disguise.
'Tis worth infinite treasure to know
  (Whatever beside should be unknown),
How utterly false and mean we grow
  When we work for the eyes of men alone.
How blind and aching our sight becomes,
  With the glare of glory such works may win us,
While a selfish purpose narrows and numbs

All that is noble and fresh within us.
'Tis only when self is dead and gone,
And our souls from the mists of passion free
That the angels of God come in and crown
Our labors with immortality.

O artists who work with pencil or pen,
With chisel or brush, for the praise of men,
When you fold your hands at the twilight's close,
And muse in your darkened studios,
Do you never consider, once for all,
How that other and deeper night must fall,
When earth and the things thereof shall be
Lost, like a dream in eternity?
When, shrinking and startled, with soul laid bare,
The creature shall meet the Creator there,
And learn at the foot of the Great White Throne,
A truth which should have never been unknown:
That nothing avails us under the sun,
In word, or in work, save that which is done
For the honor and glory of God alone?

Oh, blessed indeed are the pure of heart!
For they shall see God in their glorious art;
And joyous shall be (though the world wax dim),
If none shall behold them save Him, save Him;
And they are the sculptors whose work shall last,
Whose names shall shine as the stars on high,
When deep in the dust of a ruined past
The labors of selfish souls shall lie.
Brothers who work with pencil or pen,
With chisel or brush, for the praise of men,
Whate'er ye design, whatever ye do,
Seek first the kingdom of God, and then
All else shall be graciously added to you;
And the moral is yours which was sent to me
From the old cathedral over the sea.

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

IT was Christmas eve, and lonely,
By a garret window high,
Where the city chimneys barely
Spared a hand's breadth of the sky,
Sat a child in age, but weeping,
With a face so small and thin,
That it seemed too scant a record
To have eight years traced therein.

But the Christmas time returning,
As an old friend, for whose eye
She would take down all the pictures
Sketched by faithful memory.
Of those brilliant Christmas seasons,
When the joyous laugh went round;.
When sweet words of love and kindness
Were no unfamiliar sound.

When, lit by the log's red lustre,
She her mother's face could see,
And she rocked the cradle, sitting
On her own twin brother's knee.
Of her father's pleasant stories,
Of the riddles and the rhymes,
All the kisses and the presents
That had marked those Christmas times.

How there came a time of struggling
When, in spite of love and faith,
Grinding poverty would only
In the end give place to death.
How her mother grew heart-broken
When her toil-worn father died,

Took her baby in her bosom,
And was buried by his side.

How she clung unto her brother
As the last spar from the wreck;
But stern death had come between them
While her arms were round his neck.
There were now no loving voices;
And if few hands offered bread,
There was none to rest in blessing
On the little homeless head.

But she prayed; and the Unsleeping
In His ear that whisper caught;
And sent down sweet Sleep who gave her
Such a respite as she sought;
Drew the fair head to her bosom,
Pressed the wetted eyelids close,
And with softly falling kisses,
Lulled her gently to repose.

Then she dreamed the angels, sweeping
With their wings the sky aside,
Raised her swiftly to the country
Where the blessed ones abide;
To a bower all flushed with beauty,
By a shadowy arcade,
Where a mellowness like moonlight
By the Tree of Life was made.

Where the rich fruit sparkled, star-like,
And pure flowers of fadeless dye
Poured their fragrance on the water
That in crystal beds went by;
Where bright hills of pearl and amber
Closed the fair green valleys round,
And with rainbow light, but lasting,
Were their glistening summits crowned.

Then, that distant-burning glory,
'Mid a gorgeousness of light,
The long vista of archangels
Could scarce chasten to her sight.
There sat One; and her heart told her
'Twas the same who, for our sin,
Once was born a little baby,
In the stable of an inn.

There was music, oh, such music!
They were trying the old strains
That a certain group of shepherds
Heard on old Judea's plains;
But, when that divinest chorus
To a softened trembling fell,
Love's true ear discerned the voices
That on earth she loved so well.

At a tiny grotto's entrance,
A fair child her eyes behold,
With his ivory shoulders hidden
'Neath his curls of brightest gold;
And he asks them, "Is she coming?"
But ere anyone can speak,
The white arms of her twin brother
Are once more about her neck.

Then they all come round her, greeting;
But she might have well denied
That her beautiful young sister
Is the poor pale child that died;
And the care-worn look hath vanished
From her father's tearless face,
And she does not know her mother
Till she feels the old embrace.

Oh, from that ecstatic dreaming,
Must she ever wake again,

To the cold and cheerless contrast,
To a life of lonely pain?
But her Maker's sternest servant
To her side on tip toe stepped,
Told his message in a whisper,
And she stirred not as she slept!

Now the Christmas morn was breaking
With a dim, uncertain hue,
And the chilling breeze of morning
Came the broken window through;
And the hair upon her forehead,
Was it lifted by the blast,
Or the brushing wings of seraphs
With their burden as they passed?

All the festive bells were chiming
To the myriad hearts below;
But that deep sleep still hung heavy
On the sleeper's thoughtful brow.
To her quiet face, the dream-light
Had a lingering glory given;
But the child herself was keeping
Her glad Christmas day in heaven!

A CHILDISH FANCY.

LONG ago in our childhood's years
We thought, my brother and I,
How the little stars in their golden thrones
As they shone in the evening sky
Were little holes in heaven's blue door,
Where the glory came shining through.
At each blink we thought an angel passed
And hid the light from view.

THE IVORY CRUCIFIX.

G. H. MILES.

WITHIN an attic old at Genoa, full many a year, I ween,
Had lain a block of ivory, the largest ever seen.
A monk obtained, and to his cell the relic rare conveyed,
And bending o'er the uncouth block this monk, communing, said:

"Be mine the happy task by day and through the midnight's gloom,
To toil and still toil on until this shapeless mass assume
The form of Him who on the cross for us poured forth his blood;
Thus man shall ever venerate this relic of the flood.

Though now a witness to the wrath of the dread God above,
Changed by my chisel, it shall be the emblem of His love."
That night, when on his pallet stretched, as slumber o'er him stole,
A glorious vision brightly broke upon his ravished soul.

He sees his dear Redeemer stand on Calvary's sacred height;
The crucifixion is renewed before his awe-struck sight;
He sees his Saviour's pallid cheek with pitying tears impearled,
He hears His dying accents bless a persecuting world;

Sees the last look of love supreme conquering each aching sense,
Superior to agony its deep benevolence.
The matin bell has pealed—the monk starts from his brief repose;
But still before his waking eye the vivid dream arose.

His morning orisons are paid, his hand the chisel wields,
Slowly before the eager steel the stubborn ivory yields.
And now from every blemish freed, upon his kindling eye,
In all its pristine beauty, dawns the milk-white ivory.

The sun arose, the sun went down, arose and set again,
But still the monk his chisel plies—oh! must he toil in vain?
Not his the highly cultured touch that bade the marble glow,
And with a hundred statues linked the name of Angelo.

Perchance some tiny image he had fashioned oft before;
But Art had ne'er to him unveiled her closely hoarded lore.
Four years elapsed before the monk threw his worn chisel by;
Complete at last before him lies the living ivory.

His dream at last is bodied forth, and to the world is given—
A sight that well may wean the soul from earth awhile to heaven.
The dying look of love supreme conquering each aching sense,
Unquenched by burning pain, reveals its vast benevolence.

Behold that violated cheek with pitying tears impearled,
The parting lips that seem to bless a persecuting world.
Has not the light of page inspired a true reflection here;
Does not the sacrifice of love in ivory re-appear?

THE DANDELIONS.

UPON a shadowy night and still,
Without a sound of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill
And held it in the morning.

We were not waked by bugle notes,
No cheer our dreams invaded;
And yet at dawn their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot,
Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the self-same spot
A crowd of veterans talking.

They shook their trembling heads and gray
With pride and noiseless laughter;
When, well a day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard after!

HARVEST DRILL.

ARRANGED BY SARA S. RICE.

COSTUME: A gathered skirt of some bright material, reaching a little below the knee, and a loose shirt-waist; a coarse farmer's hat set jauntily on the head (a little wheat or some kind of grass on the hat will add greatly to the effect); a sickle (if the blade is painted red or some bright color, it produces a very bright and pretty effect); a tin cup suspended from the waist; a whetstone stuck in the belt.

Explanation of terms: Up the stage means toward the back; down the stage means toward the front; R. E. means right entrance; L. E. left entrance.

The music may be any good march.

Any even number of girls may take part.

Enter in single file, half from R. E. and half from L. E., sickle on shoulder. Each line marches in a narrowing circle, thus forming a spiral; and when the leader reaches the centre, she turns on her heel and leads the way out of the spiral. March up centre of stage, along back of stage around to front, every other one coming to the front row. Recede four steps. Half of the girls on the front row and the half on the back nearest R. E. turn toward R. E.; the other half turn toward L. E. March around stage, and as the lines meet, thread them; that is, let one leader pass in front of the other, then behind the next girl, in front of the next, etc. Each line continues round the stage. Each girl stops as she regains her former place.

ATTENTION!

1. PREPARE: (1) take sickle from shoulder; (2) put it in left hand, holding in front; (3, 4) take out whetstone.

2. SHARPEN: counting four.

3. READY: (1) put whetstone back; (2) put sickle in right hand; (3, 4) let sickle hang at side.

4. SINGLE FILE: Those on back row step in their proper places, between girls of front row.

5. Face R. E.

6. March, swinging sickle as if cutting. March along front of stage and around the back; then along front again, the leader stopping as she reaches the left end, and every other girl goes on the back row again.

7. PICK STONES: (1) stoop; (2, 3) tap end of sickle on floor twice; (4) original position.

8. WIPE SICKLE: (1) put sickle in left hand; (2) pick up grass; (3) wipe sickle several times; (4) drop grass and take sickle in right hand.

9. GAZE: (1) lift sickle up; (2) lean forward, placing sickle over eyes, holding handle in one hand and point in other; (3) remain stationary; (4) original position.

10. CRESCENT: (1) raise sickle; (2) form crescent, the even numbers counting from the right end, placing the convex edge of their sickle near the concave edge of their partner's sickle, holding them vertically; (3) remain stationary; (4) original position.

11. ARCH: (1) lift sickle in front; (2) form arch, tapping ends together as you do so; (3) the two forming arch together, each puts her free arm around her partner's neck, put heads close together, and look through arch smiling; (4) original position.

12. INTERLACE: (1) raise sickle; (2) place handles together, blades crossing; (3) remain stationary; (4) original position.

13. Front row swing sickles lightly, touching tin cup; those on ends of front rows march toward each other, thus forming circle. As the ends meet, each girl places the handle of her sickle on the shoulder of the girl to her right, the sickle partly forming a frame around the girls' faces. Place left hand on hip of girl to the left, then go around toward right making circle once, then back to their original positions. They step between girls of back row, thus putting them in front row. While front row is doing this marching, the back row keeps time by tapping tin cup with sickle. The back row, which is now in front, goes through same things as the front row did, the others keeping time for them.

14. WEARY: (1) break ranks, standing in any position, but keeping a straight line; (2) place left hand on hip, drooping the head to right resting it on sickle, eyes drooped, but not closed; (3) remain stationary; (4) original position, placing sickle in left hand.

15. REFRESHING: (1) take handkerchief from pocket; (2) fan with it; (3) wipe face; (4) original position, hand in pocket.

16. DRINKING: (1) stoop, taking hold of cup as you do so; (2) dip up water and rise; (3) drink; (4) original position, placing sickle in right hand.

17. GOSSIP: (1) incline head toward neighbor, eyes looking in opposite direction; (2) place sickle in front of mouth; (3) remain stationary; (4) original position.

18. JOY: (1) take tin cup in left hand; (2) raise tin cup and sickle in front of eyes; (3) raise them over the head until meeting (here there may be an exclamation, as "Bravo," etc.); (4) original position.

March to centre, where, meeting partner, form arch with sickle and march to left of platform, columns separate, first couple marching through, others doing likewise. March to right of stage, then to middle, then off.

THE LITTLE TIN CUP.

THOMAS FROST.

WHOA, Betty! How do, sir? Is this here the 'sylum for folk as is mad?
It air? Wal, my Lucy's to hum, sir; not ravin'; oh, no, jist a fad.

You see, it were this how: last harvest we parted with baby—with Chick;
The pootiest child in the kentry; the rompinest, 'fore he got sick,
And his mother, poor gal, took it badly when we telled her as baby was dead,
For she didn't shed tears like she'd orter, but sot thar a-shakin' her head.

And when baby was put in the parlor she crep' sof'ly up to the box,
And we heerd her say, "Go to sleep, darlin'," as she brushed back his bootiful locks.
But nex' day she was sleepin' herself, sir, when they come from the taown with the hearse,
So we went to the graveyard without her, and saved her the 'sterics, or worse.

Wal, when we got back from the fun'ral, thar was Lucy a-gettin' the tea;
On the table was three cups and saucers, for her and the sister and me;
But I can't tell the turn as it give me to see on the cloth, polished up,
Jist as bright as it shined on his birthday, our poor Chickey's little tin cup!

Then the sister she starts in a-cryin', an' says she, with her face very white,
"Lucy, dear, don't you know that the baby won't want any supper to-night?"
Then, poor gal, she jist lifts up her finger and she points it at baby's old place,
And she says, "Don't the tin cup look dirty along o' that dazzlin' face!"

Ev'ry mornin' she's up with the daybreak, a-scrubbin' that poor bit o' tin;
And she's still at it, scourin' and rubbin', when the shadders of evenin' comes in;
But it's black, sir—as black as the kittle—compared with the child as sits there,
Shinin' bright with the glory o' heaven; still as death in his little high chair!

So I've come, sir, to ask you to take her, and larn her that Chick's gone away
To a place whar no suff'rin' kin enter; no rust, nor disease, nor decay;
But ef God sent this stroke as a mercy, ef the doctors all gives Lucy up,
She will bring back a heart that ain't broken, and polish the little tin cup.

LASS DOROTHY.

OH! it was a sight right fearsome,
Fit to curdle the stoutest heart,
That little craft caught in the teeth
Of the hungry, foaming breakers,
That crunched it and tore it and broke it;
Now on the jagged rocks flinging,
Then catching it back, as tigers
Sport with their prey, then devour it;
And the six men up in the rigging,
Clinging and praying and shuddering,
As one would shudder who looked
Down into his own grave open.

All the fisher-folk were away—
Six leagues away to the northward,
Where the night before they had sailed.
On the sands below were only
Three old men peering and moaning:
"Ah! if we were young as we once were,
Who knows but that we might save them."
And the women were wringing their hands
With quavering, shrill cries, pitiful.

Among them, poised on her bare feet,
Like a bird all plumed for flying,
Her brown hair streaming and tossing,
Her soft cheeks flushing and paling,
But her eyes clear, stood Lass Dorothy.
Straight and strong-limbed and sun-browned
Was she, modest, withal, and winsome.
"Will the vessel break up in an hour?
If I thowt so lang she would hing there
I'd awa for the life-boat," cried she.

"Nay, nay, lass," answered old Donald;
"Could ye gang the four miles
Ye could nae cross the burn
Swollen to bursting."
"I'll awa," spake Dorothy, nothing more.
And swiftly she darted off to the moor,
As from the strained bow the arrow goes leaping.

For a mile the fierce gale she battled;
Then down to the sands forced to scramble,
Where the huge waves were rolling,
And through the hollow rocks booming their thunder,
Sped on, through the foam flashing
Knee-deep, ever fighting for footing.
What though her heart sank? In she plunged—
For oh, the men that were drowning!
Waist deep, then over head sinking,
Seized by a swirling eddy,
Struggling up to her feet, on pressing again.
So reached she at last the house
Where lived the coxswain of the life-boat,
And sank at the threshhold, swooning,
But gasping with wan lips: "The schooner
On the letch—nor'ward!" Well knew the coxswain
The need that had sent her.
"Look after the lass, good wife," he shouted,
And ran for the life-boat.
The blessed life-boat! How it shot out
Into the surges, bounding away and away—
Around the point—close up to the rock undaunted.
And lo! the six men dropped into it
Saved, as solemnly joyful
As if into heaven they had come
Out of death with its chrism on their forehead.

Only a simple lass still is Dorothy,
Never dreaming she has done aught heroic.

Yet sometimes o' nights, when the
Storm-wind is out, she smiles
As she lays her head on its rude straw-pillow,
To think of the six men somewhere safe,
Because she dared through the gale and the foam
To run four miles for the life-boat.

THE BEE'S SERMON.

GOOD MORNING, dear friends! I'm a clever young bee!
And a sermon I'll preach if you'll listen to me;
It will not be long and it will not be dry,
And your own common-sense my remarks may apply.

Not slothful in business must be the first head,
For with vigor we work till the sun goes to bed;
And unless one is willing to put forth one's powers
There is no getting on in a world such as ours.

We are fond of our dwellings; no gossips are we,
No gadders about idle neighbors to see;
And though we are forced for our honey to roam,
We come back as soon as we can to our home.

"The way to be happy and wealthy and wise
Is early to rest and early to rise."
This proverb has molded our conduct for years,
And we never sleep when the daylight appears.

If you were to peep in our hives you would own
That as models of cleanliness they might be shown;
All dust and all dirt, without any delay,
Are swept from our door and soon carried away.

When one of our number is sick or distressed,
He is sure of kind treatment from each of the rest;
We sympathize warmly with those who're in grief,
And are eager to proffer immediate relief.

We carry our stings not on any pretense
For aggressive attack, but in self-defense;
We meddle with no one, and only repel
Assailants who will not in peace with us dwell.

Now my sermon is ended, and you, if you please,
Some hints may derive from us hard-working bees;
May your life be as useful, your labors as sweet,
And may you have plenty of honey to eat!

NO!

SOMEBODY asked me to take a drink,
What did I tell him? What do you think?
I told him—No.

Somebody asked me one day to play
A game of cards; and what did I say?
I told him—No.

Somebody laughs that I will not swear
And lie and steal; but I do not care;
I told him—No.

Somebody asked me to take a sail
On the Sabbath day; 'twas of no avail;
I told him—No.

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,"
My Bible said, and so on the spot
I told him—No.

THE LEGEND OF THE LILY.

ANNIE WALL.

ONCE, when this grand old earth was young,
An angel thought to bring
From earth's fair fields a blossom sweet
To offer to his King.

He wandered o'er the fertile fields,
He gazed on blossoms bright;
Too bright they seemed for his desire,
Too gay to please his sight.

"Oh! for a pure, white flower," he sighed,
"Fit for my King to wear."
Though long he sought, no flower of white
Was blooming anywhere.

So, worn and weary, he sat down
To weep that none were found;
His crystal tears flowed o'er his robe
And sank into the ground.

At once a lily white sprang up,
All pure, his gaze to meet;
Singing, he gathered it and flew
And laid it at God's feet.

Pleased was his King. "This flower," He said,
"Because of this shall grow,
Henceforth, a sign to sinful man,
O'er all the earth below."

Thus came the lily, pure and fair;
Who looks may read this sign
In its white cup, the angel's tears,
The purity divine.

FRIAR SERVETUS.

CLIFFORD LANIER.

THE Monk Servetus sits alone
Within his small, unfurnished cell;
Few comforts were this hermit's own—
This anchorite of book and bell.

Communion brings companionship,
And lo! he is not all alone;
A greeting trembles on his lip
For that which sudden round him shone.

In ecstacy of great delight
He bends to grasp his Saviour's hands;
Big, joyful tears spring at the sight;
He knows not if he kneels or stands.

Alas! Now strikes a hateful sound,
The jingle of the postern door;
It stings him like a poisoned wound,
And summons him to feed the poor.

Vexation springs within his heart;
A dark frown shadows o'er his face;
The menial task, the drudge's part
Calls yonder; here is Christ's high grace.

He goes with pang and footstep slow,
Is long detained by hunger's moan;
He hastens back from mortal woe
To kiss the bare stone where He shone.

What tender voice breaks on his ear?
The light is as of Easter morn:
"As thou didst go, I still am here;
Hadst thou remained, I had been gone."

THE MONKS' MAGNIFICAT.

E. NESBIT.

[The musical accompaniment begins with the 8th and continues to the 13th stanza. An organ should be used if possible, and the psalm played soft and low while the speaker is reciting. The music swells forth when the reciter chants, then subsides to a low, sweet strain like an under-current as the narrative goes on. The "Gloria Patri" should be sung very softly yet clearly; the other versicles grandly, with all the beauty and power of your voice.]

IN midst of wide, green pasture lands, cut through
By lines of alders, bordering deep-banked streams,
Where bulrushes and yellow iris grew
And rest and peace, and all the flowers of dreams,
The abbey stood—so still, it seemed a part
Of the marsh-country's almost pulseless heart.

And all the villages and hamlets near
Knew the monks' wealth and how their wealth was spent.
In tribulation, sickness, want, or fear,
First to the abbey all the peasants went
Certain to find a welcome, and to be
Helped in the hour of their extremity.

They, in their simple ways and works, were glad;
Yet all men must have sorrows of their own.
And so a bitter grief the brothers had,
Nor mourned for others' heaviness alone.
This was the secret of their sorrowing:
That not a monk in all the house could sing!

If love could sweeten voice to sing a song,
Theirs had been sweetest song was ever sung;

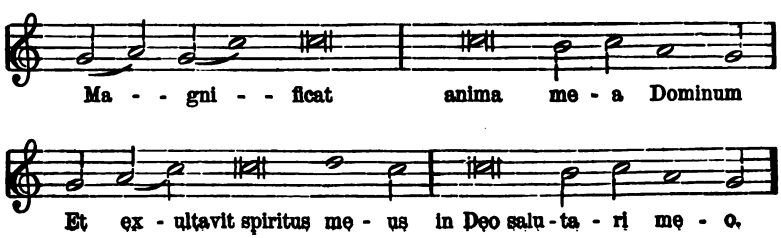
But their hearts' music reached their lips all wrong,
  Their souls' intent foiled by the traitorous tongue
That marred the chapel's peace, and seemed to scare
The rapt devotion lingering in the air.

The brothers prayed with penance and with tears
  That God would let them give some little part
Out for the solace of their own sad ears
  Of all the music crowded in their heart.
Their nature and the marsh air had their way,
And still they sang more harshly every day.

And all their prayers and fasts availing not
  To give them voices sweet, their souls' desire,
The abbot said: "Gifts He did not allot,
  God at our hands will not again require;
Praise Him we must, and since we cannot praise
As we would choose, we praise Him in our ways."

But one good brother, anxious to remove
  This, the reproach now laid on them so long,
Rejected counsel, and for very love
  Besought a brother, skilled in art of song,
To come to them—his cloister far to leave—
And sing "Magnificat" on Christmas eve.

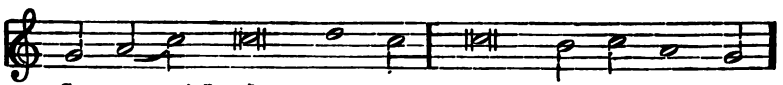
[*Music begins; playing clearer as the reciter commences to chant, then soft and low until he chants again.*]



And when the time for singing it had come,
With pure face raised, and sweetest voice he sang:
"*Magnificat anima mea Dominum, et exultavit spiritus meus: in Deo salutari meo.*"
Each in his stall the monks stood glad and dumb,
As through the chancel's dusk his voice outrang,
Pure, clear and perfect—as the thrushes sing
Their first impulsive welcome of the spring.

At the first notes the abbot's heart spoke low:
"Oh, God, accept this singing, seeing we,
Had we the power, would ever praise Thee so—
Would ever, Lord, Thou know'st, sing thus for Thee;
Thus in our hearts Thy hymns are ever sung,
As he Thou blessest sings them with his tongue."

But as the voice rose higher, and more sweet,

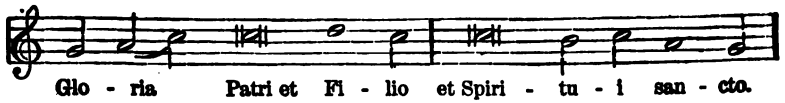


"*Suscepit Israel puerum suum, recordatus misericordiæ suæ.*"

The abbot's heart said: "Thou hast heard us grieve,
And sent an angel from beside Thy feet,
To sing 'Magnificat' on Christmas eve,
To ease our ache of soul, and let us see
How we some day in heaven shall sing to Thee."

The white moon through the window seemed to gaze
On the pure face and eyes the singer raised;
The storm-wind hushed the clamor of its ways,
God seemed to stoop to hear Himself thus praised;
And breathless all the brothers stood, and still
Reached longing souls out to the music's thrill.

Old years came back, and half-forgotten hours,
  Dreams of delight that never was to be,
Mother's remembered kiss, the funeral flowers
  Laid on the grave of life's felicity;
An infinite dear passion of regret
Swept through their hearts, and left their eyelids wet.



"Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto."
[*Music ceases.*]

When, service done, the brothers gathered round
  To thank the singer—modest-eyed said he:
"Not mine the grace, if grace indeed abound,
  God gave the power, if any power there be;
If I in hymn or psalm clear voice can raise,
As His the gift, so His be all the praise!"

That night, the abbot lying on his bed,
  A sudden flood of radiance on him fell,
Poured from the crucifix above his head,
  And cast a stream of light across his cell;
And in the fullest fervor of the light
An angel stood, glittering and great and white.

The angel spoke—his voice was low and sweet
  As the sea's murmur on low-lying shore,
Or whisper of the wind in ripened wheat:
  "Brother," he said, "the God we both adore
Hath sent me down to ask, is all not right?
Why was 'Magnificat' not sung to-night?"

Tranced in the joy the angel's presence brought,
The abbot answered: "All these weary years
We've sung our best, but always have we thought
Our voices were unworthy heavenly ears;
And so to-night we found a clearer tongue,
And by it the 'Magnificat' was sung."

The angel answered: "All these happy years
In heaven has your 'Magnificat' been heard;
This night alone, the angels' listening ears
Of all its music caught no single word.
Say, who is he whose goodness is not strong
Enough to bear the burden of his song?"

The abbot named his name. "Ah, why," he cried,
"Have angels heard not what we found so dear?"
"Only pure hearts," the angel's voice replied,
"Can carry human song up to God's ear;
To-night in heaven was missed the sweetest praise
That ever rises from earth's mud-stained maze.

"The monk who sang 'Magnificat' is filled
With love of praise, and with inanity;
He sings for earth—in heaven his notes are stilled
By muffling weight of deadening vanity;
His heart is chained to earth and cannot bear
His singing higher than the listening air!

"From purest hearts most perfect music springs;
And while you mourned your voices were not sweet,
Marred by the accident of earthly things,
In heaven, God, listening, judged your song complete.
The sweetest of earth's music came from you—
The music of a noble life and true!"

THE KING'S BELL.

ONCE upon a time, after a long and honorable reign, a king lay dying. He called to him his son and heir, and said:

"The rights of a king will one day come to naught; he who seems to rule is the veriest slave of all. You must look for nothing but a life of trouble, and consider yourself fortunate if you can one day die in peace."

But the prince, being young and full of hope, and having the wilfulness and inexperience of youth, protested, as young persons will, that he knew better.

"The cares of state," he said, "shall sit lightly upon me. The life of a king should be one long holiday. I will show my courtiers and all the world what true happiness means. What is the use of being a king if one cannot be happy? Why, a bird in the air or a peasant in the field is better off than that! I am in no hurry for my kingdom—indeed, most dear father, I am not; but I shall be a happy king."

While he spoke his father sighed and died. When the royal mourning was over the new king ordered that a bell of silver should be placed upon the top of the palace in a high tower. Attached to it were many ropes, so arranged to connect with the rooms below that wherever the king might be one should be always near his hand.

"Whenever I am happy I shall ring the bell," he told his courtiers and friends; "and that, you shall see, will be often, for I am sure that my father's dying words were mistaken ones. Yes, I shall be a happy king."

So the years slipped by; and, though they listened, his people never heard the bell. One thing after another prevented the king from ringing it. "When I get through this grievous affair of state," he would say, "I shall be happy." But that affair would be succeeded by another. Then he would murmur: "This war over, peace will come, and the bell can be heard after." But before his hand could clasp the bell-rope, word would be brought of other outbreaks. So the bell was silent.

At last he, like his father, lay with his life slipping away. The priests came in good time to administer the last sacraments. A noise of weeping floated through the palace.

"What sound is that?" asked the king. They dared not tell him. "I command you to tell me," he said to the grand chamberlain, but he turned away his face. A priest stepped toward him and said:

"The people, your majesty, are weeping because you are soon to leave them."

"Am I dying?"

"You are in grievous danger of death, and should think of your departing soul."

"And my people love me so that they weep because I am to leave them?" he demanded, eagerly.

"Sire, they would gladly die for you, they love you so," answered the priest.

Then such a beautiful look as no one there had ever seen overspread the face of the dying king. He reached out his hand, rang the bell, and with its sweet and silver clangor sounding, and the consolations of Holy Church filling his soul, he passed to the rest of paradise.

CHARITY.

R. W. LANIGAN.

ONCE in a race I stood well front,
And I saw the prize was mine that day,
When a wanderer bade me stop and tell
Of two roads which was the better way.
I gazed on his face; it was wan and worn,
'Twould have pained my heart to say him nay.
I stopped and guided him on his path,
And he blessed me as he turned away.
My race was lost and my rival won,
But my heart felt better for what I'd done.

TALE OF THE TERRIBLE FIRE.

I WILL tell you the tale of the terrible fire;
It springs from the earth—it is dreadful and dire.

In the dark
Wintry sky,
See the spark
Upward fly!
See it grow
In its frame—
See it glow
Into flame!

See it burning and blazing;
See it spring into life
With a vigor amazing—
How it longs for the strife!
Hear the noise and the rattle;
How it swells, how it grows!
Like the crash of a battle,
Like the clash of the foes!

See it rushing and rising and roaring,
See it trying to touch a tall star;
It seems in the sky to be soaring
Like a flag of fierce flame from afar.
See it turning and burning and braving,
See it streaming and gleaming and red!
Ah! the smoke in the air is now waving
Like a winding-sheet of dull lead.

Hear it laugh with wild glee at each futile endeavor
To quench or to quell its exuberant force;
It is flaming and free and fantastic forever;

It delights and exults with no pang of remorse.
With no pain, with but passion, mad passion, it quivers,
With its pennon of scarlet the bloodiest hue;
With its bright gleaming streams and its roaring of rivers,
It dares to do all things that flame dares to do.

How it darts, how it dances and dashes,
As though it had taken for aim,
To reduce all the world into ashes
And to fling all the stars into flame!
It is glittering and glowing and glaring—
And raging it rings its own knell;
It is showing its wonderful daring—
It is turning the sky into hell.

How it lazily lingers
With its swell and its fall;
With its fiery fingers
Wierdly waving a pall;
With its horrible hisses
Like the wind in a storm;
With its blistering kisses,
On face and on form!

Of its flashes
Bereft,
Only ashes
Are left.
Till its cries
Tell its doom—
And it dies
In the gloom.

I have told you the tale of the terrible fire;
It has sung its last song to its luminous lyre;
It has sung its last song, it has breathed its last breath,
It has lived without life, it has died without death.

SOMETHING GREAT.

F. TYLER.

THE trial was ended, the vigil was past,
All clad in his arms was the knight at last;
The goodliest knight in the whole wide land,
With a face that shone with a purpose grand.
The king looked on him with gracious eyes
And said: "He is meet for some high emprise."
To himself he thought: "I will conquer fate;
I will surely die, or do something great."

So from the palace he rode away.
There was trouble and need in the town that day;
A child had strayed from its mother's side
Into the woodland dark and wide.
"Help!" cried the mother, with sorrow wild;
"Help me, Sir Knight, to seek my child,
The hungry wolves in the forest roam—
Help me to bring my lost one home!"

He shook her hand from his bridle rein:
"Alas! poor mother, you ask in vain;
Some meaner succor may do maybe,
Some squire or varlet of low degree.
There are mighty wrongs in the world to right;
I keep my sword for a noble fight.
I am sad at heart for your baby's fate,
But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night, when the sun had set,
A blind old man by the way he met.
"Now, good Sir Knight, for our Lady's sake,
On the sightless wanderer pity take.
The wind blows cold and the sun is down;

Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town."
"Nay!" said the knight, "I cannot wait,
I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armor bright,
His sword all keen for the longed-for fight.
"Laugh with us, laugh," cried the merry crowd.
"Oh, weep!" wailed others, with sorrow bowed.
"Help us!" the weak and weary prayed,
But for joy, nor grief, nor need, he stayed.
And the years rolled on, and his eyes grew dim,
And he died, and none made moan for him.

He missed the good that he might have done;
He missed the blessings he might have won,
Seeking some glorious task to find,
His eyes to all humble work were blind.
He that is faithful in that which is least,
Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast;
Yet men and women lament their fate,
If they be not called to do something great.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON BREATHING.

"We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our kidneys and our livers. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life agoing through the nose when we are asleep.

"Boys who stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they got out in the fresh air. Boys in a room make bad air called carbonicide. Carbonicide is as poison as mad dogs. A lot of soldiers were once in a black hole in Calcutta and carbonicide got in there and killed them.

"Girls sometimes ruin the breath with corsets that squeeze the diagram. A big diagram is the best for the right kind of breathing."

THE FUNERAL OF THE MOUNTAINS.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

MOURN, great McGregor, mourn! Thou youngest of
The mountains newly born; bow down thy head
And weep into the valley rivulets
Of tears. Draw round thee close thy sombre, dark
And heavy robe of pines. It is thy cloak
Of mourning and thy crape; thou hast most need
To mourn, being most blessed. But yesterday
Thou wert unknown and insignificant;
To-day thou art immortal made, because
Thou art the death-bed of our beloved Grant;
Because the nation's hero made of thee
A stepping-stone to heaven.
Thou art become
The country's shrine, where weeping Liberty
Hath come to shed her tears. Around thy base
Is marshalled that innumerable host
Of soldiers slain in Freedom's cause, and with
Them is the silent throng in gray—with heads
Uncovered all, beneath one flag that droops
Fresh wet with heaven's tears, the dew. Those coats
Which once were blue have faded into gray;
Grave ashes bring one color to them all.
With guns all stacked within the silent wood
They stretch their phantom tents in bivouac weird—
A spectre guard—Grand Army of the Dead!
Thy cooling breeze hath kissed his fevered cheek
These long, long waiting hours how gratefully;
Thy sentry pines swayed with the fleeting pulse

And whispered undisturbingly, "All's well!"
When all was o'er their wailing message went
Along the clouds, that fleecy telephonè,
To Lookout Mount, whose rusty cannon's boom
Seemed like the tolling clock of destiny,
Slow striking, Sixty-three.
For such an one
No common sepulture! Be thou his bier,
His catafalque! Let battle mountains make
His funeral train! Call Lookout from the clouds,
With Mission Ridge, Ball's Bluff, and Malvern Hill,
South Mountain, Champion Hill, great Cumberland,
Pea Ridge, and those that shut in Gettysburg;
With Rural Hill and Drury's Bluff, the Heights
Of Maryland, and Harper's Ferry walls;
With those that frown on Shenandoah's plain;
Each hill where war hath ploughed great furrows up,
Each slope with human abatis of slain,
Each mound where fiery battle steeds have pranced,
Impatient of the smoke. E'en that small knoll
At Appomatox, where Rebellion gave
Its sabre up and Slavery made her tomb;
Let Heaven, muffling up her thunder drum,
Sound reveille to summon all to this
Great funeral. In military line
Procession make, with solemn obsequies,
While ocean waves on either shore in great
Sabaoth "Triste Vale" chant.
With pick
And spade think not to make thy hero's bed!
In Donelson's firm walls impregnable
His mausoleum make—fit catacomb—
And, soldier-like, wrapped in his country's flag,
There let him hold the fort forevermore.
Take shattered cannon from the battlefield
Well molten in hot Sumter's crucible,

And cast a monument o'ertopping that
Of "Liberty Enlightening the World,"
And on its base inscribe with sabre point:
"Our hero dead, who never battle lost,
To heaven surrendered unconditional."

WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED.

JAMES R. RANDALL.

THE Saviour, bowed beneath His cross,
Climbed up the dreary hill,
And from the agonizing wreath
Ran many a crimson rill;
The cruel Roman thrust Him on
With unrelenting hand—
Till, staggering slowly 'mid the crowd,
He fell upon the sand.
A little bird that warbled near,
That memorable day,
Flitted around and strove to wrench
One single thorn away;
The cruel spike impaled his breast
And thus, 'tis sweetly said,
The Robin has his silver vest
Incarnadined with red.
Ah, Jesu! Jesu! Son of man!
My dolor and my sighs
Reveal the lesson taught by this
Winged Ishmael of the skies.
I, in the palace of delight,
Or cavern of despair,
Have plucked no thorns from Thy dear brow
But planted thousands there.

A CASUALTY.

THE morning papers contained among their casualties the following paragraph: "*Run over.*—Yesterday afternoon an unknown bootblack, aged about eight, was run over at the corner of Blank street. St. Vincent's Hospital."

Only one short, sharp cry, followed by the hoarse shouts of several men, that was all. They carried him to the sidewalk, and as the crowd gathered around him, some one coming by stopped and asked, "What is it?" "Only another bootblack hurt," was the careless response, and the questioner passed on. The ambulance came. The crowd made way, then separated, and the incident was forgotten. Nobody knew him, nobody cared.

The hospital slept, all but the sister who kept her vigil beside one little cot, rising at intervals to scan the pale face that lay on the pillow. No sound but the breathing of the patients and the monotonous tick-tick of the great clock broke the stillness.

Presently there was a movement; the little white face turned its eyes toward the watcher, and a feeble voice asked:

"Say, where be I?"

"You are in a good place, child

It was still again for a moment, and then,—

"Say, missus, where's my box?"

"I don't know. I expect it was lost."

"Lost? Oh, yes, now I know. I was runned over, wasn't I?"

"Yes. What is your name?"

"Tommy."

"Tommy what?"

"Jest Tommy."

"But you must have another name."

"No'm, I aint."

"Well, what is your mother's name?"

"I aint got no mother, I had one oncet, but she's dead."

The kind face bent down to kiss him, and he murmured,—

"She used to do that. Say, I'd like to see her agin."

"Well, perhaps you will. But there, don't talk any more."

A short silence followed, but presently he inquired,—

"Kin she come back ?"

"Who ?"

"My mother."

"No, she can't do that, but maybe you will be able to go to her."

"When ?"

"Pretty soon."

He dozed again, and the hands of the great clock dragged themselves wearily on. In his sleep he was again with his mates. Now he was calling, "Shine ! " now he was counting his money, laughing with his comrades, and eagerly plying his trade. The hands of the clock had barely passed the hour of two when he again awoke.

"Missus."

"Yes, dear."

"Won't yer kiss me agin ? It seems as though my mother was close to me when you do that."

She kissed him, and he dropped off to sleep, but not for long. The minute-hand had not reached the half hour when he woke with a cry and start.

"Say, what makes me feel so queer ? I feel," and the words came with more difficulty, "as—though—somethin'—heavy—was restin'—on—me."

The lights were turned up, and willing hands raised the little form from the pillow. Brighter grew the eyes, as they seemed to gaze at something toward which the little yearning arms were outstretched. Fainter and fainter came the breath, feebler and feebler grew the voice.

"You—was—right,—missus."

They raised him higher, and he whispered,—

"You—was—right. I kin—I kin go."

"Where, dear ?"

"You—said—I could, —and—I kin—go—to——"

The little outstretched arms fell, and that last loving word was spoken on the other side of the great river.

THE PALMER'S VISION

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

NOON o'er Judea! All the air was beating
With the hot pulses of the day's great heart;
The birds were silent, and the rill, retreating,
Shrank in its covert, and complained apart.

When a lone pilgrim with his scrip and burden,
Dropped by the wayside weary and distressed;
His sinking heart grown faithless of its guerdon—
The city of its recompense and rest.

No vision yet of Galilee and Tabor!
No glimpse of distant Zion thronged and crowned!
Behind him lay his long and useless labor,
Before him stretched the parched and stony ground.

He leaned against a shrine of Mary, casting
Its balm of shadow on his aching head,
And, worn with toil and faint with cruel fasting,
He sighed, "O God! O God, that I were dead!

"The friends I loved are lost or left behind me;
In penury and loneliness I roam;
These endless paths of penance choke and blind me;
O come and take the wasted pilgrim home!"

Then with the form of Mary bending o'er him,
Her hands in changeless benediction stayed,
The palmer slept; while a swift dream upbore him
To the fair paradise for which he prayed.

He stood alone, wrapped in divinest wonder;
He saw the pearly gates and jasper walls

Informed with light, and heard the far-off thunder
Of chariot-wheels and mighty waterfalls.

From far and near, in rhythmic palpitations,
Rose on the air the noise of shouts and psalms;
And through the gates he saw the ransomed nations
Marching, and waving their triumphant palms.

"O Jesus! Lord of glory! Bid me enter:
I worship thee! I kiss thy holy rood!"
The pilgrim cried; when, from the burning centre,
A broad-winged angel sought him where he stood.

"Why art thou here?" in accents deep and tender
Outspoke the messenger. "Dost thou not know
That none may win the city's rest and splendor,
Who do not cut their palms in Jericho?

"Go back to earth, thou palmer empty-handed!
Go back to hunger and the toilsome way!
Complete the task that duty hath commanded,
And win the palm thou hast not brought to-day."

And then the sleeper woke and gazed around him;
Then, springing to his feet with life renewed,
He spurned the faithless weakness that had bound him,
And, faring on, his pilgrimage pursued.

The way was long, and he grew halt and weary,
But one long day among the evening hours
He saw, beyond a landscape gray and dreary,
The sunset flame on Salem's sacred towers.

O fainting soul that readest well my story,
Longing through pain for death's benignant calm,
Think not to win a heaven of rest and glory,
If thou shalt reach its gates without thy palm.

THE THREE MISSIONS.

MORNING STAR, EVENING STAR, AND MOONLIGHT.

MRS. LOULA KENDALL ROGERS.

[This recitation is personated by three young girls in appropriate costume. The Morning Star is arrayed in pink fleecy gauze, with a large, bright silver star on a black velvet girdle, and smaller stars on front width of dress. The Evening Star is robed in sky-blue, with velvet girdle also containing a bright star. Moonlight is robed in deep black, spangled all over with stars, while on the girdle is a full round moon, made of silver paper. She enters last and takes her place between the two Stars, all standing under a wooden arch on which is inscribed in glittering letters "Gloria in Excelsis."]

[MORNING STAR *enters from the East.*]

I AM the radiant Morning Star!
'Tis mine to illumine the crimson bar
That separates night from beautiful day,
And awaken earth with my sparkling ray.

I give to each mountain, hill, and plain,
A crest of varying crimson hue;
I sweep away darkness in my train,
And bring to light the sparkling dew.

Oh, the East is blest when my silvery crest
Is set in its purple shade,
And all earth should rise in glad surprise
When my early call is made.
The student hails my dawning light
And, as my glories shine,
He hies him o'er the mountain height
To Learning's gilded shrine.

To the suffering, and the meek and bowed,
I bring a cheering ray;
And all my sister spirits fair
Bless me at dawn of day.
Yet, best of all, my light gleamed o'er
The King at Bethlehem,

And joined the glad triumphant shout
"Peace! Peace! Good-will to men!"

[EVENING STAR *enters from the West, leaving space in centre for* MOONLIGHT.]

I am the pensive Evening Star!
O'er earth I wield a magic power
The convents chant to me a lay
At twilight's welcome vesper hour.
I give to each mountain, hill, and vale
A chastened hue, when lingering still
In sunset's radiant golden gleam,
And every heart with peace I fill.

Oh, the West is blest when my diamond crest
On her sapphire brow is laid,
And the nightingale from hill and dale,
Trills forth her soft roulade.
The laborer hails my gentle ray
And follows me afar;
His daily toil is all forgot
When shines the Evening Star.

To the weary over all the earth
I softly whisper "Rest!"
And give them one sweet, hopeful dream
Of the land forever blest.
But, best of all, I list to the prayer
Breathed at a mother's knee,
And bear it swift through the ether blue
To Him who died for thee.

[MOONLIGHT *enters from centre of stage, bearing a gilded sceptre.*]

My placid light, O Star of Eve,
Eclipses thine! 'Tis mine to weave
A silvery spell o'er Nature's brow,
And accept your homage rendered now,

I wear a royal diadem. *Ye* only gleam
In light subdued, and paler seem
In contrast with my imperial sway
That rivals even golden Day.

In cloudless majesty alone
I sit upon my ebon throne
All veiled in darkness. Yet the world,
When my silvery pinions are unfurled,
Shall worship in the silent night
The Prince of Peace, the Source of Light.

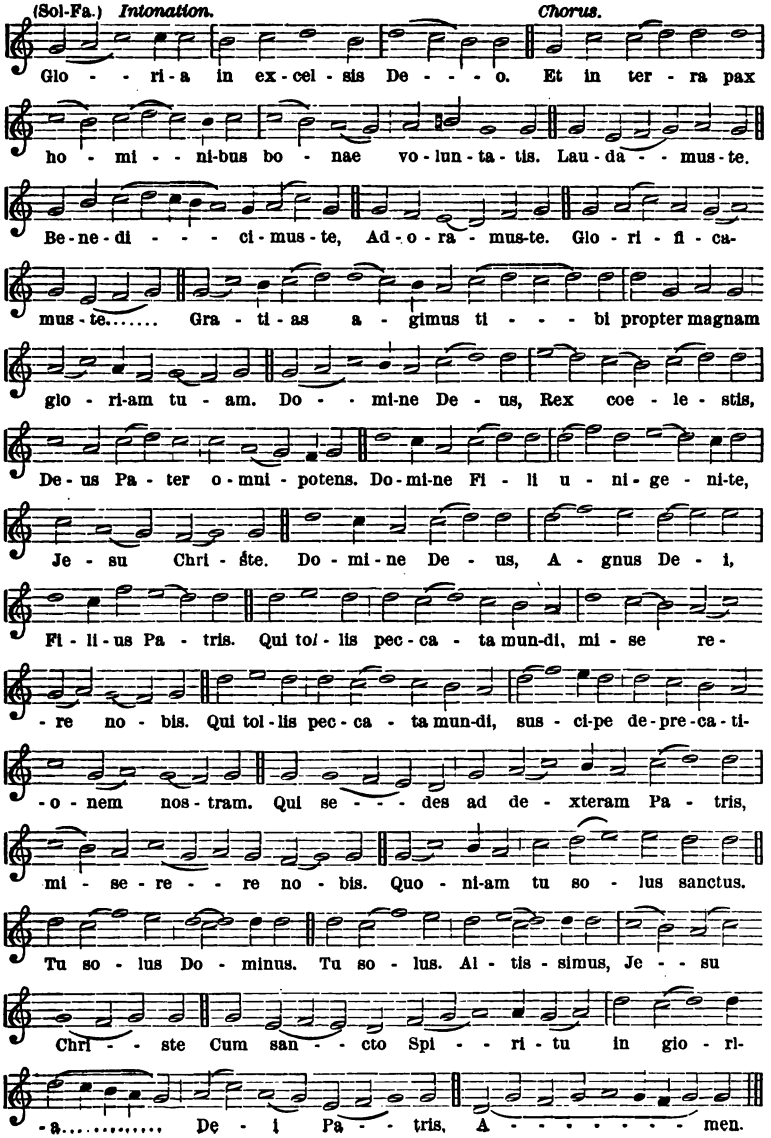
[MORNING STAR *crowns her and kneeling; says:*]
We crown thee, sister, Queen of Night!
Most royally thy sceptre sway!
Our radiance fades beneath the light
That sparkles o'er thy beauteous way.

[EVENING STAR *kneeling:*]
All that the poet e'er has dreamed
Of purity, of faith, and love,
Are realized, fair Queen, in thee:
Thou breathest of the peace above!

[MOONLIGHT, *extending her hands:*]
Rise, sisters, rise. Kneel not to me;
I rule not earth, nor sky, nor sea;
My glory comes from God the King—
Then let us all His praises sing.

[*The three clasp hands and recite in concert:*]
And now in unison we shine
To worship all that is divine;
All honor, glory, praise to Thee
Whose hand hath made the Mystic Three.

[*While light is thrown on tableau at the close, each points upward and sings the "Gloria in Excelsis."*]


(Sol-Fa.) Intonation.
Chorus.
Glo - - ri-a in ex-cel-sis De - - - o. Et in ter-ra pax
ho - mi - - ni-bus bo - nae vo-lun-ta-tis. Lau-da - - mus-te.
Be-ne-di - - - ci-mus-te, Ad-o-ra - mus-te. Glo-ri-fi-ca-
mus-te..... Gra-ti-as a-gimus ti - - - bi propter magnam
glo-ri-am tu-am. Do - - mi-ne De-us, Rex coe-le-stis,
De-us Pa-ter o-mni-potens. Do-mi-ne Fi-li u-ni-ge-ni-te,
Je-su Chri-ste. Do-mi-ne De-us, A-gnus De-i,
Fi-li-us Pa-tris. Qui tol-lis pec-ca-ta mun-di, mi-se re-
-re no-bis. Qui tol-lis pec-ca-ta mun-di, sus-ci-pe de-pre-ca-ti-
-o-nem nos-tram. Qui se - - - des ad de-xteram Pa-tris,
mi-se-re - - re no-bis. Quo-ni-am tu so-lus sanctus.
Tu so-lus Do-minus. Tu so-lus. Al-tis-simus, Je - - su
Chri - - ste Cum san - - cto Spi - - ri-tu in gio-ri-
-a..... De-i Pa - - tris, A - - - - - - - men.

A LEGEND OF THE MISSIONS.

LEE C. HARBY.

HERE the San Antonio river
Swiftly courses on forever;
Here the mocking-bird's sweet singing
Sets the mesquite copses ringing;
Here December's sunshine golden
Falls upon the mission olden,
Penetrating dim recesses,
Lighting with its warm caresses
Altar where no priest is praying;
But the lizard brown is straying
In and out of crack and jointing,
While the cross, whose first anointing
Was in tears and bitter sorrow,
From the sunbeams seems to borrow
Something more than earthly glory.

Who can tell the thrilling story
Of the mission's slow uprearing?
Of privation, toil and fearing
Borne by these Franciscan friars—
Abnegation of desires,
Sacrifice of every pleasure,
Spending all of life's best treasure,
For the glory of their calling?
Now the dust of time is falling
O'er their graves unknown and lowly.
In the mission's confines holy
All the year in silence sleeping;
But when night is slowly creeping
To the birth of Christmas morning,
As the stroke of twelve gives warning,

They, from every tomb appearing,
Still their priestly vestments wearing,
Round the altar reverent gather.
Then it is some ghostly father
Gliding to the ruined tower
At this solemn midnight hour,
Sets the rusty bell a-swinging
And the music of its ringing
Sounds into the ears of dead men,
Calling from their graves the red men.
Thence they come in noiseless trooping,
In the chancel thickly grouping,
Indian warrior, wife and maiden.
Soon the air is heavy laden
With the smoke from censers swinging,
While the priests are slowly bringing
Forth the symbol of their Master.
Peals the bell now louder, faster,
From the ancient mission's tower;
Many voices rise and lower
In an anthem grandly swelling
Faith of priest and convert telling;
Held on high the Host is glowing,
All its golden glory showing
By the lights which gleam and falter
On the quaint and carven altar,
While the clouds of incense quiver
Stirred by breezes from the river.
Once again the bell's slow pealing
Sounds above the people kneeling
Penitent, their sins confessing,
Bowed beneath the Father's blessing!

Fades the brilliance from the mission,
And a subtle, strange transition
Passes o'er the people praying—

'Tis a change like to the swaying
Of the mist clouds o'er the ocean;
For, with neither sound nor motion,
Every form fades into spirit,
Back to all they may inherit,
Silent grave and restful sleeping!
And the gray dawn comes a-creeping,
While the ghostly bell is sighing;
Wierdly wail its last notes, dying—
Not an echo even waking—
For the Christmas morn is breaking!

WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON.

MARTHA J. NOTT.

"AND have these rebels dared complain, and murmur to their king?
Swift retribution on their heads their foolish deed shall bring.
Perchance they thought by some strange fate their freedom thus to gain,
Freedom, which ever must be bought with woes and bitter pain.
Subjection they shall doubly feel, and, to their bitter cost,
Learn how completely liberty for aye to them is lost.
Place high my hat upon a pole, and to each rebel say:
'These are your governor's orders which you hear, and must obey:
Whene'er you pass before this cap, see that your head you bare,
For 'tis his representative which he has mounted there.'"

So spake the Tyrant Gesler, and, obedient to his word,
His servants sallied forth to do the bidding of their lord.
The imperious mandate then is given, and, high upon the breeze,
Their hated despot's emblem soon each gallant Switzer sees.
Each heart with indignation swells, but ah! too well they know

That to defy their tyrant now will only work them woe.
But one brave Switzer stands apart, with bold and haughty mien,
Determination flashing from his eyes and features seen.
"Comrades," he cries, "too long this king, with hard and cruel hand,
Has stretched oppression far and wide o'er all our native land.
If still my country is not free, I will be free indeed,
Nor of this symbol, when I pass, will take the slightest heed;
I will not bow to any one, much less to this vain man;
Now let him do to William Tell the worst that e'en he can."

At length the news to Gesler came that one brave Swiss had dared
To treat his orders with contempt, and also had declared
He feared not aught the king could do; and, full of angry wrath,
He orders this presumptuous Swiss to be to him brought forth.
"And is this true I hear, rash Swiss? and hast thou dared, indeed,
To brave my anger, and to take of my commands no heed?
Dost thou not know I am thy king? and wherefore hast thou striven
Rebelliously against the word that I, thy lord, have given?"
"Yea, it is true I have refused thy bidding e'er to do,
For I would scorn to speak to thee words aught than those are true;
And, tyrant! do the worst thou canst, but ne'er shall it be said
That William Tell to Gesler's hat did ever bare his head."

"And darest thou speak thus to me?" in anger Gesler cries;
"Thy haughty words are bolder far than e'er thy conduct's wise.
Dost thou, indeed, fear naught that I can ever do to thee?
I'll prove the worth of thy vain boast, I'll see how true it be.
Ho, vassals! bring this rebel's son before me with all speed;
I'll test his courage and his skill by a most worthy deed."
Calm and serene, to outward view, the patriot appears,
But, ah! what anguish fills his heart, what awful, nameless fears,
For, looking on the tyrant's face, and then upon his son,
He dreads the child will suffer now for deeds the father's done!

But soon the silence Gesler breaks. In tones of scornful pride,
"Proud Swiss!" he cries, "I'll prove thee now. O'er all the country wide
They say unrivalled is thy skill as archer, far and near;
Now shalt thou show thy far-famed power to us assembled here.
Upon the head of this thy son an apple I will place,
And if thou cleav'st it right in two, I will accord thee grace;
But failing this to do, thy life the penalty shalt be.
Now of thy famed dexterity an instance let us see."
With quivering hand Tell grasps his bow, but all in vain essays
To take his aim, for powerless he seems his arms to raise.
The child, who with love's instinct quick divines his father's grief,
With faith implicit in his skill, seeks to bring him relief.
"Shoot quickly, father dear," he cries, "I know you never miss
Your aim; so wherefore hesitate, and fear to strike at this?"

Encouraged by his simple faith, his bow at length Tell draws;
One brief and fervent prayer for help, one silent, breathless pause,
Then through the air the arrow flies; the apple, cleft in two,
Falls to the ground, while all unhurt the child stands in their view.
Amazed, the tyrant then exclaims, "I see that it is true,
Of skilful archers like to thee there surely can be few.
But wherefore hast thou yet another arrow in thy belt?
Thy son would not have needed two had he the first one felt."
With haughty mien and flashing eye then speaks the gallant Swiss:
"'Tis well for thee, O tyrant! that I have not needed this.
Think not that if with my own hand I had laid low my son,
That thou, the cause of all my woe, wouldst still unhurt have gone!
No; by my faith, if I had killed my child, this arrow then
Had pierced thy heart, and slain one of the cruellest of men."

BECALMED AT SEA.

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

IT was as calm as calm could be,
A death still night in June;
A silver sail on a silver sea
Under a silver moon.

Not the least air the still sea stirred,
But all on the dreaming deep
The white ship lay, like a white sea-bird,
With folded wings, asleep.

For a long, long month not a breath of air
For a month not a drop of rain;
And the gaunt crew watched in wild despair,
With a fever in throat and brain.

And they saw the shore like a dim cloud stand
On the far horizon sea;
It was only a day's short sail to the land
And the haven where they would be.

Too faint to row—no signal brought
An answer from far or nigh:
"Father have mercy; leave us not
Alone on the deep to die!"

And the gaunt crew prayed on the deck above,
And the women prayed below:
"One drop of rain for God's great love!
O God! for a breeze to blow!"

But never a shower from the skies would burst,
And never a breeze would come;

O heaven! to think that man can thirst
And starve in sight of home.

But out to sea with the drifting tide,
The vessel drifted away;
Till the far-off shore like a dim cloud, died,
And the wild crew ceased to pray.

Like fiends they glared, with their eyes aglow,
Like beasts with hunger wild;
But a mother knelt in the cabin below,
By the bed of her little child.

It slept, and lo! in its sleep it smiled,
A babe of summers three.
"Oh, Father! save my little child,
Whatever comes to me!"

Calm gleamed the sea, calm gleamed the sky,
No cloud, no sail in view;
And they cast them lots for who should die
To feed the starving crew.

Like beasts they glared with hunger wild,
And their red, glazed eyes aglow;
And the death lot fell on the little child
That slept in the cabin below.

And the mother shrieked in wild despair:
"O God! my child, my son!
They will take his life! It is hard to bear,
Yet, Father, Thy will be done!"

And she waked her child from its happy sleep,
And she kneeled by the cradle bed:
"We thirst, my child, on the lonely deep;
We are dying, my child, for bread.

"On the lone, lone sea, no sail, no breeze,
Not a drop of rain in the sky.
We thirst—we starve—on the lonely seas,
And thou, my child, must die!"

"Father," he lisped, "so good, so kind,
Have pity on mother's pain;
For mother's sake, a little wind,
Father, a little rain!"

And she heard them shout for the child from the deck,
And she knelt on the cabin stairs:
"The child! the child!" they cry. "Stand back!
And away with your senseless prayers."

Aha! It was a ghastly sight!
Red eyes like flaming brands,
And a hundred belt-knives flashing bright
In the clutch of skeleton hands.

"Strike me, strike me, ye fiends of death!"
But soft through the ghastly air
Whose falling tear was that? Whose breath
Waves through the mother's hair?

A flutter of sail—a ripple of seas—
A speck on the cabin pane;
O joy! a breeze it is, a breeze,
And a drop of blessed rain!

And the mother rushed to the cabin below,
And she wept on the babe's bright hair:
"The sweet rain falls! The sweet winds blow!
Our Father has heard thy prayer!"

But the child had fallen asleep again;
And lo! in its sleep it smiled:
"Thank God!" she cried, "for His wind and His rain—
Thank God for my little child!"

THE DRUMMER-BOY OF KENT.

A STORY FROM THE FRENCH WARS.

FOUR hundred years and more ago,
It matters not to you,
A slender boy with golden hair
And eyes of melting blue,

While whistling down an English lane,
A sunny lane of Kent,
Heard word of war and beat of drum,
And with the drummers went;

And with the drummers drummed the way
That led the last advance
The boy-king Henry's soldiers made
Upon the heart of France.

He, dreaming, wandered far from camp,
Where songs of birds were blent
With notes as sweet he whistled out—
That Drummer-Boy of Kent.

A-sudden, through his home-dream, rang
A sentry's challenge cry
To halt, to yield him captive up
To Charles of France, or die.

And thence they led him back to camp,
To their great captain's tent;
Yet bravely beat the heart in him
As with the foe he went;

As in the captain's tent he stood,
Where shone, 'bove gleam of lance,

A great white banner on which bloomed
The fleur-de-lis of France.

And there beneath the battle flag
The gallant captain stood,
And questioned him; and he replied
As brave young Briton should:

"A drummer-boy—an English boy,
Of Kent, I am," he said.
The man was moved by his true tone,
The proud toss of his head.

Yet, doubting, bid a drum be brought,
And bid the boy to beat:
"A martial march—a march," he said,
"To stir the soldiers' feet."

Then drummed the Drummer-Boy of Kent,
Till "Stop!" the captain said;
"A march drummed out like that should stir
The feet of soldiers dead."

But pride of France burned in his heart;
"Forsooth," he cried, "'t were meet
No English boy should beat advance—
So, boy, now beat retreat!"

Then from those eyes of melting blue
Flashed out a sapphire light;
The drumsticks and the drum he dropped,
Drew up his slender height.

"Retreat, retreat! Oh, sir," he cried,
"My drum knows no retreat!
And I would die ere I would lead
The way for backward feet!"

Alone, unarmed, he stood—yet armed
And winged as heroes are;

While all the valiant men-at-arms
Broke out in loud huzza.

And won, as never won by arms,
The great French captain cried:
"No braver heart in soldier beats
On French or English side."

And to his soldiers gave command,
"Set that young eagle free!
(And would were his the flag where blooms
The heavenly fleur-de-lis!)"

So, led by cheering men at arms,
He left the captain's tent,
And crossed the lines, and went his way—
Brave Drummer-Boy of Kent.

THE WAY.

WILLIAM STEELE SHURTLEFF.

FIRST, find out Truth, and then
Although she strays
From beaten paths of men,
To untrod ways,
Her leading follow straight,
And bide thy fate!

And whether smiles or scorn
Thy passing greet,
Or find'st thou flower or thorn
Beneath thy feet
Fare on! nor fear thy fate
At Heaven's gate.

TELEMACHUS.

G. M. SHELDON.

[The year 404 A. D. is famous as the accredited epoch of the abolition of the gladiatorial shows at Rome. Honorius, the Emperor, held a jubilee in the city to celebrate the defeat of Alaric. During the gladiatorial contest, which formed a part of the jubilee, a monk named Telemachus rushed into the arena and, in the name of Christ, threw himself between the combatants. He was cut to pieces on the instant; but the people were smitten with compunction. The games were immediately suspended, and a stringent decree issued prohibiting their revival.]

TELEMACHUS, the monk, sat in his cell,
Fixed in deep thought he sat in silence there;
But as the shades of night around him fell,
He knelt upon the ground in humble prayer.

"Give me a heart, O Lord, to do Thy will,
A heart submissive to Thy chastening rod;
Into my life Thy loving grace instil—
Help me to feel that Thou alone art God.

"Hasten the time when all shall own Thy sway;
The groaning captive from his chains release.
Hasten the time when wars shall pass away,
And all the earth enjoy perpetual peace."

Thus, in his cell, the monk, in earnest prayer,
Passed the long night communing with his Lord;
While o'er the silent city slumbering there
The Roman sentinel kept watch and ward.

Day breaks upon the city's cold gray wall,
Brightening each temple, pinnacle, and shrine;
On the statues there the sunbeams fall,
Touching the marble gods with light divine.

This day the emperor his triumph keeps,
Presiding at the games in regal state;
Round the echoing walls the welcome sweeps:
"Long live Honorius, the wise and great!"

Then forth with stately tread, a warlike band
Of gladiators fill the open space;
In quiet sternness on the sand
In two opposing ranks they take their place,

And, at a given signal, on they sweep,
Rushing like angry beasts upon their prey;
Their swords are stained from gashes wide and deep,
The sand is torn and bloody with the fray.

When suddenly there leaps upon the sand,
Between the combatants, a figure tall;
His face so pale, so winning, yet so grand,
That awe and silence on the people fall.

"What men are ye who spurn the law of God
Which bids us live as brothers all in love?
Who find delight in violence and blood,
Forbidden by the Christ in heaven above?

"In Christ's own name, I bid this carnage cease!
In Christ's own name, the name we breathe in prayer,
Yea, I, Telemachus, the monk of peace,
Command ye all as brothers to forbear!"

But on the fickle, maddened Roman crowd
The monk's words held but momentary sway,
And then the cry grew fiercer and more loud:
"Down with the monk! Away with him! Away!"

The cruel gladiators with their swords
To pierce the heart of that brave preacher flew;
And as he fell in death, he gasped the words:
"Forgive, dear Lord, they know not what they do!"

So died Telemachus, the monk of old;
But with him died the gladiatorial shows.
All honor to that spirit, grand and bold,
Whose martyred soul then found in God repose.

THE VESPER BELL.

EUGENE DAVIS.

SWEET the chime of vesper bell,
Borne on the balmy breeze,
From the convent in the dell.

Heaven breathes in ev'ry swell
Softly o'er the smiling leas—
Sweet the chime of vesper bell.

Glows my heart beneath the spell
Of these saintly melodies
From the convent in the dell.

Now each dark thought tolls its knell
In repentant agonies—
Sweet the chime of vesper bell.

And a joy no voice can tell
Ripples through the list'ning trees
From the convent in the dell.

Wreathing from a heavenly shell
Soulful, dreamful symphonies,
Sweet the chime of vesper bell
From the convent in the dell.

THE LADY HILDEGARDE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

OH, happy is he that giveth
Of his gifts unto the poor;
For the smile of the blessed Christ is his,
And his reward is sure.

'Twas at the bleak of winter,
And a drought lay on the land;
And bread was scarce, and cries of want
Were heard on every hand—
When a beggar roamed through the village,
Meanly but cleanly clad;
Her back was bent 'neath the burden of age,
And her face was pale and sad.

"Give me of your bread, kind stranger,
Give me of your bread," cried she;
"That I'm hungry and cold, and ragged, and old,
You all must plainly see."
With many a look of anger,
They drove her from the door;
Or if food they gave, 'twas a mouldy crust,
Or a bone, and nothing more.

At last at a little cottage,
One humbler than any there,
Where a poor old man and his feeble wife
Dwelt long with want and care,
She paused—that wretched wanderer—
And asked awhile to rest
On the steps. But the man with a kindly smile,
Urged in his ragged guest,

And gave her a seat at the fireside;
While his good wife in a trice,
From the fresh baked loaf of barley bread,
Cut off an ample slice;
And this with a cup of water,
They set before their guest.
'Twas all they had, they smiling said,
But the food upon her pressed.

"May the good Lord ne'er forgive us,
Nor e'er bestow us more,
If ever the hungry we turn away
Unfed from our humble door;
The little we have to offer
Is God's, not ours—eat, pray."
And the beggar ate of the barley bread,
And, thankful, went her way.

* * * * * *

Hildegarde, the lady, who lived
At the castle stately and grand,
Invited the villagers to a feast
To be given by her hand;
And, smiling, they went to the castle,
And, smiling, they entered the hall,
Where a chair was set for everyone,
And plates were laid for all.

Said Hildegarde, smiling sweetly,
"Come, friends, sit up and eat;"
And they gathered round that ample board,
With glad and willing feet;
Then their eyes oped wide with wonder,
For they saw—oh, sore dismayed!
A mouldy cake, or a mouldier crust,
Beside each platter laid.

With scraps of cold potatoes
Which the swine would scarcely eat,
And tainted fish, and rinds of cheese,
And broken bits of meat;
While up in the place of honor,
A table was set for two,
Groaning beneath its weight of food,
And dainties both sweet and new.

Then spoke the noble Hildegarde,
And sternly thus she said:
"I was the beggar that roamed your streets
Yestreen and asked for bread.
I did it to test you, people,
So anxious was I to know
How kind ye were to the hungry and poor,
Amid this season of woe.

"And these were what you gave me,
As ye spurned me from your door;
These cold vile scraps and these mouldy crusts,
But these and nothing more;
Not one in this whole large village,
Save him with yon hoary head,
And his dear old wife, that asked me in,
And gave me of their bread.

"For them is yon table waiting,
With richest viands stored;
Go, sit ye down, dear servants of Christ,
And feast ye at my board;
And want shall be thine no longer,
For a home I've given to thee,
Where every comfort of life shall be thine,
Till life shall cease to be.

"And ye go home, ye people,
Each with your mouldy crust,
And bow your heads with very shame,
Ay, even to the dust.
And back to my noble castle,
Come ye never again,
Till ye learn with what measure ye mete, it shall
Be measured to you again."

Oh, happy is he that giveth
Of his gifts unto the poor;
For the smile of the blessed Christ is his,
And his reward is sure.

THE VIRGIN WITH THE BELLS.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THERE stood a church that men would praise
At Florence, so the legend tells,
For works of price; but chief for one
They called the Virgin with the Bells.
Gracious she was, and fealty done,
With crown of gold about the hair,
And robe of blue with stars thereon,
And sceptre in her hand did bear.
And o'er her, in an almond tree,
Three little golden bells there were,
Writ with Faith, Hope and Charity.
None knew from whence she came of old,
Nor whose the sculptor's name should be,
Or great or small. But this they told:
That once from out the blaze of square,
And bickering folk that bought and sold,

Came to the church an Umbrian,
  Lord of much gold and champaign fair,
But, for all this, a hard, haught man;
  To whom the priests, in humbleness,
At once to beg for alms began,
  Praying him grant of his excess
Such as for poor men's bread might pay,
  Or give their saint a gala-dress.
Thereat he sternly answered: "Nay,
  Most Rev'rend! ere the least carline
Ye win, this summer sky shall snow;
  Or, likelier still, your doll's-eyed queen
Shall ring her bells—but not of craft."
  And so across the porphyry floor,
His hand upon his dagger-haft,
  Strode, and of these was seen no more.

Nor, of a truth, much marveled they
  At those his words, since gear and store
Oft dower shrunk souls. But on a day,
  While yet again throughout the square
The buyers, in their noisy way,
  Chaffered about the basketware,
It chanced that when the priest would kneel
  Before the taper's flickering flame—
Sudden a little tremulous peal
  From out the Virgin's altar came.
And they that heard must fain recall
  The Umbrian, and the words of shame
Spoke in his pride. And therewithal
  Came news how, at that very date
And hour of time, was fixed his fall,
  Who, of the duke, was banned the state,
And all his goods, and lands as well,
  To Holy Church were confiscate.
Such is the tale the Frati tell.

SAINT PATRICK AND THE IMPOSTOR.

AUBREY DE VERE.

[MAC KYLE, a child of death, dwells in a forest with other men, that slay whom they will. Saint Patrick coming to that wood, a certain impostor devises how he may be deceived and killed; but God smites the impostor through his own snare, and he dies. Mac Kyle believes and is baptized. Afterward he preaches in Manann Isle (Isle of Man) and becomes a saint.]

IN Uladh,* near Magh Inis, lived a chief,
Fierce man and fell. From orphaned childhood he
Through lawless youth to blood-stained middle age
Had rushed as stormy morn to stormier noon.
Thus spake he to his followers: "At last he comes,
He that deceives the people with great signs,
And for the tinkling of a little gold
Preaches new gods. Forth with your swords, and if
That God he serves can save him, let him prove!"

Dark with wrath
Thus spake Mac Kyle; and all his men approved,
Save Garban. Crafty he, and full of lies,
That thing which Patrick hated. Sideway first
Glancing, as if some secret foe were nigh,
He spake: "Mac Kyle! a counsel for thine ear!
The people love this stranger. Patrick slain,
Their wrath will blaze against us, and demand
An *eric* for his head. Let us by craft
Unravel first his craft; then safe our choice,
Faithless to slay him, or great ransom take,—
Impostors lack not gold. Lay me as dead
Upon a bier; above me spread yon cloth,
And make your wail; and when the seer draws nigh

*Ulster.

Worship him, crying, 'Lo, our friend is dead!
Kneel, prophet, kneel, and pray the God thou serv'st
To raise him.' If he kneels, no prophet he.
But like the race of mortals. Sweep the cloth
Straight from my face; and, laughing, I will rise."
Thus counselled Garban; and the counsel pleased;
Yet pleased not God. Upon a bier, branch-strewn,
They laid their man, and o'er him spread a cloth.
They found the Saint, and brought him to that bier,
And made their moan, and Garban 'neath that cloth
Smiled as he heard it: "Lo, our friend is dead!
Great prophet kneel; and pray the God thou serv'st
To raise him from the dead."
The man of God
Upon them fixed a sentence-speaking eye—
"Yea! he is dead. In this ye have not lied!
Behold, this day shall Garban's covering be
The covering of the dead. Remove that cloth!"

Then drew they from his face the cloth; and lo!
Beneath it Garban lay, a corpse, stone-cold.

Amazement fell upon that bandit throng,
Contemplating that corpse, and on Mac Kyle.
At last Mac Kyle made answer: "I have sinned;
I, and this people, whom I made to sin.
Now, therefore, to thy God we yield ourselves
Liegemen henceforth, his thralls as slave to lord
Or horse to master. That which thou command'st
That will we do." And Patrick said: "Believe;
Confess your sins; and be baptized to God,
The Father, and the Son, and Holy Spirit,
And live true life." Then Patrick, where he stood
Above the dead, with hands uplifted preached
To these, in anguish and in terror bowed,
The tidings of great joy from Bethlehem's crib
To Calvary's cross. Sudden upon his knees,

Heart-pierced, as though he saw that Head thorn-pierced,
Fell that wild chief, and was baptized to God.
And, lifting up his great strong hands, while still
The water streamed adown his matted locks,
He cried: "Alas, my master and my sire!
What *eric* must I pay to quit my sin?"
Him Patrick answered: "God shall be thy judge.
Arise, and to the seaside flee, as one
That flies his foe. There shalt thou find a boat
Made of one hide. Eat nought, and nothing take
Except one cloak alone; but in that boat
Sit thou, and bear the sin-mark on thy brow,
Facing the waves, oarless and rudderless;
And bind the boat-chain thrice around thy feet,
And fling the key with strength into the main,
Far as thou canst; and wheresoe'er the breath
Of God shall waft thee, there till death live thou,
Working the will Divine." The chief replied,
"I, that commanded others, can obey."

Then rose that chief, and rushed
Down to the shore, as one that flies his foe;
And loosed a little boat, of one hide made,
And sat therein, and round his ankles wound
The boat-chain thrice; and flung the key far forth.

Swift rushed that boat, oarless and rudderless,
And when the morn shone out upon the sands
Two white-haired elders in the salt air knelt
Offering to God their early orisons,
Coninri and Romael. Sixty years
These two unto a hard and stubborn race
Had preached the Word; and daily prayed their God
To send some happier arm, ere yet they died.
Ten years they prayed, not doubting, and from God,
Who hastens not, this answer had received:
"Ye shall not die until ye see his face."

Therefore, each morning peered they o'er the waves,
Long watching. These through breakers dragged the man,
Their wished-for prize, half-frozen, and nigh to death,
And bare him to their home, and fed, and warmed,
And heaped his couch with skins. The weeks ran on,
And daily those grey elders ministered
God's teaching to that chief, demanding still,
"Son, understand'st thou? Gird thee like a man
To clasp and hold the total faith of Christ,
And give us leave to die." The months fled fast.
Ere violets bloomed he knew the creed; and when
Far heathery hills purpled the autumnal air,
He sang the Psalter whole. Then said the Lord,
"Now is your task completed; ye shall die."

Then on the red sand knelt those elders twain
With hands upraised, and all their hoary hair
Tinged like the foam-wreaths by that setting sun,
And sang their "Nunc Dimittis." At its close
They found the place where first, that bark descried,
Their sighs were changed to songs. That spot they marked,
And said, "Our resurrection place is here."
And, on the third day dying, in that place
The man who loved them laid them; at their heads
Planting one cross, because their hearts were one,
And one their lives. On him, their son in Christ,
Their mantle fell, and strength to him was given.
Long time he toiled alone; then round him flocked
Helpers from far. At last, by voice of all,
He gat the island's great episcopate,
And king-like ruled the region. This is he,
Mac Kyle of Uladh, bishop, and penitent,
Saint Patrick's missioner in Manann's Isle,
Sinner one time, and, after sinner, saint
World famous. May his prayer for sinners plead!

THE KING'S JOY-BELLS.

KATE A. BRADLEY.

THE king sent forth an edict through the land
And laid upon each subject his command,
To bring of purest silver some fair part,
Which, cast and fashioned by the smithy's art,
Should live anew, a chime of joy-bells clear,
The mighty monarch's sorrowing heart to cheer.

And that their music should be all of joy
He bade the smith such workmen to employ
As had no thought of sorrow in their hearts
And knew no wound from Fate's unfriendly darts.
On pain of death no faintest sound of woe
Should mingle with their echoing blow on blow.

Then should the king of all his grief be cured,
For so in nightly dreams was he assured.
The bells were finished. In the market-place
Was builded high a tower of richest grace,
Which hid within such wondrous melody,
As yet unborn and waiting to be free.

The throng stood silent; scarce a murmured word
Throughout the solemn hush expectant stirred.
The king raised high his royal hand in pride,
And to the waiting ringers loudly cried:
"Ring ye the bells!" And instant at his voice
Rang out the bells to bid his soul rejoice.

But at the sound the multitude, dismayed,
Looked in each others' eyes and grew afraid;
For through the summer air the joy-bells clear

Tolled but one tuneless note of woe and fear;
And let the ringers ring with all their might,
No sound of joy pealed from the tower's height.

"Who has done this?" the monarch cried at last;
And through the throng in angry questioning passed.
But none could answer him until he came
To one who stood apart, of unknown name;
She went, and kneeling low before his feet
She prayed: "O king, your pardon I entreat!

"On me alone let all your anger rest,
For I have sinned against your stern behest.
That your grief might be easily allayed
Such heavy burden on your poor you laid
That while they brought their silver to your feet
Their hungry children wept for food to eat!

"And as I gave my bread that they might live
My tears flowed o'er the treasure I must give
At your demand; and as I wept I prayed
That you might turn your heart and give your aid
In royal measure to your starving poor.
Now death, O king, I'll easily endure!"

The king stood silent for a little space;
The woman waiting knelt with hidden face.
Then suddenly he cried: "Go, tear the bells
From out their tower! Their music only tells
Of sadness and of suffering untold!
Go, change their silver for my ruddy gold,

"And give until of poor throughout the land
There is not one!" Lo! at the king's command
Went up a nation's shout of joy profound,
And all his sadness lifted at the sound;
And as he raised the woman at his feet
He breathed a prayer of praise, his joy complete.

WHEN OLD JACK DIED.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WHEN Old Jack died we stayed from school (they said
At home we needn't go that day), and none
Of us ate any breakfast—only one,
And that was papa—and his eyes were red,
When he came round where we were, by the shed
Where Jack was lying, half-way in the sun
And half-way in the shade. When we begun
To cry out loud, pa turned and dropped his head
And went away; and mamma, she went back
Into the kitchen. Then for a long while,
All to ourselves, like, we stood there and cried:
We thought so many good things of Old Jack,
And funny things—although we didn't smile,
We couldn't only cry when Old Jack died.

When Old Jack died, it seemed a human friend
Had suddenly gone from us; that some face
That we have loved to fondle and embrace
From babyhood, no more would condescend
To smile on us forever. We might bend
With tearful eyes above him, interlace
Our chubby fingers o'er him, romp and race,
Plead with him, call and coax—aye, we might send
The old halloo up for him, whistle, hist,
(If sobs had let us), or, as wildly vain,
Snapped thumbs, called "Speak," and he had not replied;
We might have gone down on our knees and kissed
The tousled ears, and yet they must remain
Deaf, motionless, we knew, when Old Jack died.

When Old Jack died, it seemed to us, some way,
That all the other dogs in town were pained
With our bereavement, and some that were chained
Even, unslipped their collars on that day
To visit Jack in state, as though to pay
A last sad tribute there; while neighbors craned
Their heads above the high board fence, and deigned
To sigh "Poor dog!" remembering how they
Had cuffed him when alive, perchance, because,
For love of them, he leap'd to lick their hands;
Now that he could not, were they satisfied?
We children thought that, as we crossed his paws,
And o'er his grave, 'way down the bottom-lands,
Wrote, "Our First Love Lies Here," when Old Jack died.

SOMEBODY'S BOY.

A STORY OF THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

AS we were falling back upon Malvern Hill, the rear guard fighting back the Confederate advance, our brigade was wheeled to the left, and another to the right, to cover the narrow highway and give the wounded and the stragglers an opportunity to close up. Across the fields, which were broken and wooded, advanced the enemy's skirmishers, followed by a double line of battle. We checked them with a volley, but they re-formed and charged with a cheer. I could see their faces very plainly under the smoke, and as they rushed forward I noticed that the man directly in front of me was not a man but a stripling of a boy. He did not look to be more than fifteen years old, and his face was white and scared. Had he been a man I should have killed him. I could have hit him with my eyes shut, for he was coming straight upon me. When I saw that it was a boy I couldn't fire upon him. I covered him once, but his scared face turned my gun away.

We let them come charging up until some of the more impetuous were almost over us, and then there was an awful crash of musketry—a great billow of flame—a thousand cries and groans. The flame of death had licked up their lines. I looked for the boy as the smoke lifted. He stood, musket in hand, staring about as if paralyzed. Every man had gone down for ten feet either side of him. As our cheers burst forth, the boy faced about with the remnant of the line and retreated to cover. I rejoiced over his escape, and hoped that if another charge was made he would not be with them.

Half an hour passed and now we were the rear guard—a brigade holding the narrow road. We saw the enemy massing for another charge, and again we made ready to receive them. As they came forward I saw the same white-faced boy, this time a little to the left of me.

"Don't shoot that boy!" I called to the men beyond me.

The third man on the left was in line with the boy. He looked up at me with a sardonic smile, and then he rested his musket and covered the boy, to kill him when the word came to fire. An enemy was an enemy to him, whether man or boy. He was there to kill. I held my breath as the double line again advanced. A little closer and they fired a volley, and then charged. They sought our death—they were following us to destroy—they had no mercy. And yet, as I fired into the smoke, knowing that my bullet must find a human target, I was consoled by the reflection that I was not shooting at the boy—at Somebody's Boy. If he was killed, it would be by the man on my left, and he must answer for it.

The enemy could not budge us. They couldn't touch our flanks, and a charge in front was simply slaughter. Our volleys broke their lines—threw them into confusion—and they were breasted back again. I sprang to my feet and looked for the boy. The powder-smoke whirled about, dove down, lifted up, floated away among the tree-tops, and my heart bounded as I saw Somebody's Boy again. He stood with two comrades—the remnant, perhaps, of his whole company. Just as I got a glimpse of him the three turned to obey the call to retreat, and I swung my cap

and cheered. Our whole line was cheering—the others because they had again repulsed the enemy, I because Somebody's Boy had escaped.

And when I looked along our line to the left, wondering how the man with the grim face and murderous heart had missed his target, I saw him lying dead on the ground—stone dead. A bullet had struck him fair in the forehead.

THE SONG OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

THEY fed me with fire and heaped me with coal,
Till I glowed with the pride of my newly-made soul;
Then they gave me a drink from the cool-flowing stream,
But my heart's inward fire soon turned it to steam;
It quenched not my thirst, and soon heated me more,
I began now to pant and with madness to roar.
Then they roused up the fire within me again,
Till I hissed and began from my holdings to strain—
For I longed to be bounding away o'er the earth,
And to prove to weak mortals my glorious birth.

Oh, then, when I thought to be free and go forth—
To rush unrestrained to the south, to the north—
They bound to my back large masses of men,
That I was to carry through valley and glen;
So I gave a wild scream as they loosened my chain,
And the city re-echoed my shrill note of pain.
I was free—yet a slave—as I hurried along,
Still dragging behind me that pale human throng;
I knew that they feared me, and laughed out aloud
As I thought of that trembling, fear-shaken crowd.

We soon left the town, black and smoking, behind;
And I bore them along in the teeth of the wind

That went howling and roaring among the tall trees,
But further on fell to a calm, sighing breeze.
For through valleys with meadow and smiling fields decked,
I now hurried onward, free, mad, and unchecked.
Then a high mountain suddenly rose on the view—
And I doubted if I could go over or through;
And to seek a way round it I felt was too late,
I was bound to one road and that fearfully straight;
I deemed that I now should be dashed in the air,
And gave what I thought my last shriek of despair;
In a moment a cavern, wide, awful, and black,
I was forced to plunge into—I could not turn back.

Still forward I sped through that dim, dreary place,
As though with myself I were running a race;
For nothing opposed me, none crossed my long path;
All seemed to have fled far away from my wrath.
Soon a shriek, like my own, woke the cavern's repose,
And a deep, rumbling noise in the distance arose;
Then I saw coming onward a dull, glowing light,
That luridly lit up the hideous night;
I saw I'd a brother—we laughed as we passed,
For our greeting was quick as the rush of the blast.

My strength and my power so proudly I knew,
That I strove to be rid of the load which I drew;
And when the broad daylight streamed on me again,
The rate of my fleetness no hand could restrain.
I hurled myself headlong, with savage delight,
From the edge of a dizzy, precipitous height.
Then I lay like a wreck, bruised, mangled, and torn,
'Mid the groaning and screams of those beings forlorn
That I dragged over with me—my masters before,
Now my victims, but soon to be masters once more;
For my power had fled with this effort of hate,
And I passively yielded at last to my fate.

THE WHITE HEARSE.

"ISN'T it pretty?" said a little old man, as he wheeled a baby carriage to where I was sitting in the park.

"It must be pretty," said I, looking into the carriage, and seeing a tiny creature, snugly nestling in a downy nest, its face covered with a delicate lace veil.

The little old man was delighted; his little old chin went twit-a-twit-a-twee, and he chirped like a bird.

"They keep his face covered," he said, with a sigh, "since the little white hearse drove away from the house the other day. But I—"

The little old man stopped and looked all around with his twinkling eyes.

"I will show its face to you; it's so very, very pretty." And the little old man's chin again went twit-a-twit-a-twee.

"They will be angry, but I'm so proud of its pretty face that I must show it."

The little old man took the lace that covered the baby's face in his trembling fingers, and I prepared to burst into exclamations of delight, even if the face should prove to be the homeliest face in the world.

"Mustn't," a little child said, coming from behind the bushes, and seizing the coat-tails of the little old man. "Danpa mustn't."

"The flies will annoy Rose," a gentle girl of twelve said, joining the little group and carefully replacing the lace. Close observation showed a tear trembling in the girl's eye, as the little old man wheeled away the carriage, with the little child dancing by his side.

"Oh, it's such deception!" she exclaimed, burying her face in her hands. "Baby Rose died last week, and we are afraid to tell grandpa, as his mind is weak, and she was his idol; so we put a doll in the carriage, closely veiled, so he cannot see its face, and let him wheel it around. But it's dreadful."

Just then the little old man paused, left the little child with the carriage, and came back to where the girl was seated. He put his face close to hers and whispered:

"What was it that they carried away in the little white hearse?"

The poor girl turned away her face.

"Flowers, only flowers, grandpa."

"I wonder," the little old man mused, "why they all turn their faces away when they tell me what they carried away in that little white hearse?" Then he went to the carriage again and chirped like the merry little old man that he was.

"Flowers, only flowers," I heard him murmur, as he wheeled the doll away.

WHAT ECHO SAID.

ONCE on a time two little boys,
And naughty ones you'll say,
Resolved, before they'd go to school,
That they would go and play.

Said William to his brother Dick,
"We shall not be found out."
But Echo mocked the naughty boy,
And answered, "Be found out."

"I fear," said Dick to little Will,
"That some one overhears;"
He looked to see, and Echo then
Cried, "Some one overhears."

"O never mind," said William, then;
"Come, do not be afraid;"
And when they both began to play,
Said Echo, "Be afraid."

"What can it be?" said William;
"Oh let us go to school,"
For he began to be afraid;
Said Echo, "Go to school."

Then, softly whispering, they said,
"Oh, if our master knows!"
But Echo, answering every word,
Said softly, "Master knows."

"What shall we do?" then William said;
"We must not tell a lie."
And then they heard the Echo's voice
Say, "Must not tell a lie."

"I never will do this again
If master will forgive,"
Said Will to Dick, and then the voice
Said, "Master will forgive."

"We shall not be so very late
If we make haste away;"
And Echo, with a warning voice,
Cried out, "Make haste away."

Then Dickey dried his tears, and said,
"I will do so no more;"
And Echo in a cheerful voice
Then said, "Do so no more."

"Then we'll be off to school," said they,
And off they quickly ran,
And happily were just in time
Before the school began.

Remember, then, my little friends,
Though Echo nothing knew,
There's One above who always knows
Both what you say and do.

THE VISION OF HANDEL.

P. L. BLATCHFORD.

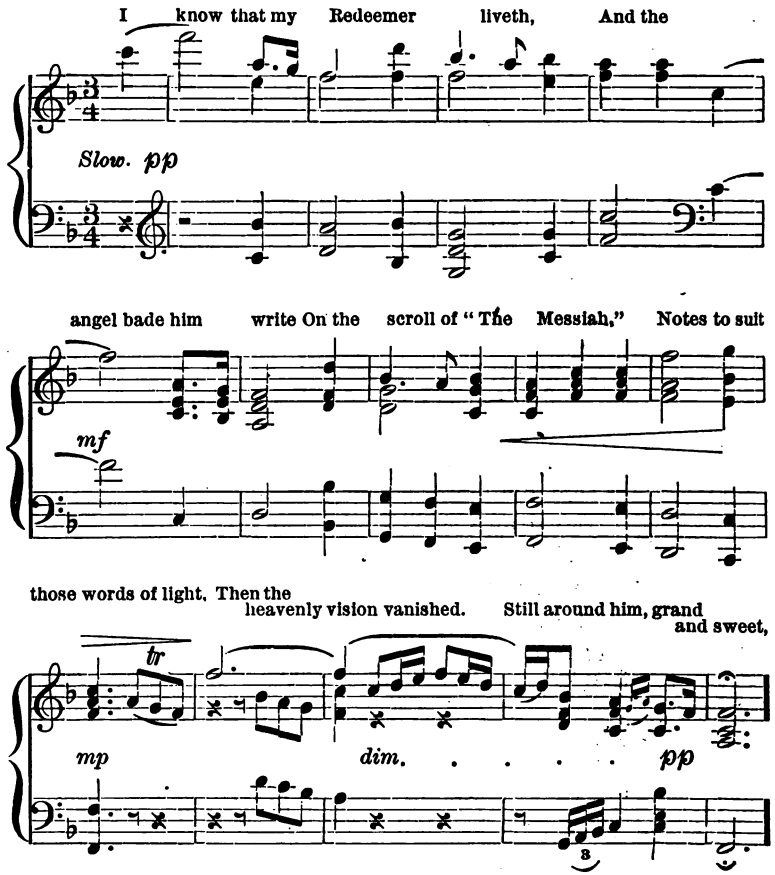
IN his room alone and silent,
Handel, the composer, knelt,
All his mighty mind with reverence
On the task before him bent.
In his hand a scroll unfinished,
Wherein he had penned each chord
Of that wondrous oratorio—
Sacred drama of the Lord.

But his power seemed to have left him,
And his heart was filled with woe,
When, athwart the deep'ning shadows,
Lo! there gleamed a radiant glow.
There, amidst celestial glory,
Stood an angel, bright and fair,
Smiling on the great musician
Who in anguish bended there.

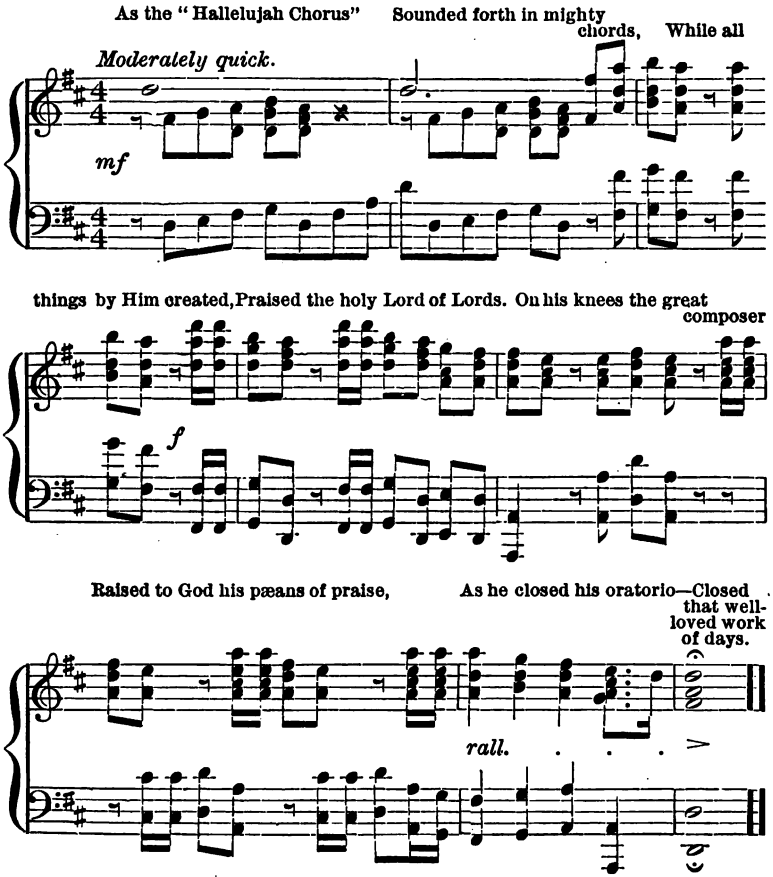
Then the angel touched him gently,
Pointing with uplifted hand
To a Figure, standing silent,
Robed in white, on golden strand;
But the marks were still about Him,
Scars of wounds from where He trod
On this earth, its noblest victim—
"The Incarnate Son of God."

Then the soul of the musician
Glowed with rapture once again,
As unto his mind there sounded
That sweet anthem, strain by strain:

[Recitation continues, with musical accompaniment.]



Notes from angels and archangels
Made a melody complete;



And his heart in glad thanksgiving
Felt that every glorious strain
Which his soul had learned from angels,
Should be raised to heaven again.

So in charity he gave it,
  Unreserved, a gift to God,
And for poor and suffering mortals,
  Sounded each melodious chord.*
And that music sweet and reverent,
  Worthy was to celebrate,
That most holy life on record,
  Risen Lord, Redeemer great.

Now on tomb of the musician,†
  In old England's abbey grand,
Stands the figure of an angel
  Touching him with gentle hand.
And as centuries roll, that statue,
  Silent, yet speaks evermore,
To the heart in golden legend—
  Mystic, sweet, from days of yore.

* The oratorio of "The Messiah" was first performed in the New Music Hall in Fishamble street, Dublin, April 13, 1742. The composer gave all the proceeds to be divided among the following charities: The Society for Relieving Prisoners, the Charitable Infirmary and Mercer's Hospital.

† Above the grave of Handel, in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, a monument, by Roubillac, was erected to his memory. It represents him in the act of writing "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which is being dictated to him by an angel.

LEGEND OF THE HEATHER

LONG ages ago when the world was young,
  And the flowers first had their birth—
When the rocks were bare and jagged and scarred,
  And veined with dark seams of earth,
The harebells, gentians, and cyclamen, all
  In the midst of herbage grew;
And the heather and fern and mosses green
  Made the flowers more fair to view.

An angel came down from heaven one day,
He knew the language of flowers;
As he walked he talked to each one in turn
To beguile the passing hours.
He pitied the cliffs so gaunt and so lone
And he said to the flowers gay:
"Will you come with me to clothe the bleak rocks
And cover their boulders gray?"

Then the harebells swayed on their slender stalks,
Trembling they hung their heads low,
And murmured: "The daisies might like the rocks
But we would rather not go."
Then the buttercups said: "Do not ask us,
Our gold could not gild their gloom;
To dwell in the shadow of surly crags
Would be to live in a tomb."

The cyclamen shivering sighed with fear,
And whispered, sister to brother:
"No angel, I'm sure, could so cruel be
As to make us leave each other."
Now, the heather never a flower had borne,
But sympathy struck its chord,
And unto the angel the heather said:
"May I clothe the rocks, my lord?"

Well pleased the archangel was, I ween,
With the heather on the walk,
For he stooped to caress the humble plant
And flower-bells sprang from the stalk,
O'er plains, on slopes, far as eye could reach,
From bowers fair, from woodlands wild,
In rifts and clefts that scarred the naked rocks,
The loving, happy heather smiled.

THE TWO CHIMNEYS.

PHILIP BURROUGHS STRONG.

UPON two neighboring village houses
Two chimneys stood—one short, one tall;
The former hidden from observers,
The latter plainly seen by all.

The tall one thus addressed the other,
As down he glanced in high disdain:
"How mean you look and what a figure!
You surely never need be vain."

"I know," replied the short one, meekly,
"I'm but a very humble thing."
"That I should say," the tall responded,
"And then you're only on a *wing*.

"Now you must find it lonely, very,
To be away down there so far,
When all the better class of chimneys
High up upon the buildings are.

"And then so short! to call *you* 'chimney'
Is most amusingly unfit;
'A hole within the roof' were truer,"
And loud he laughed at his own wit.

"I am as you have said," was answered;
"But then if one but meet the end
For which he's made, what matter whether
He lofty be or lowly, friend?

"We cannot all be palace chimneys;
Some must on common dwellings be;
If but alike we do our duty,
We're equals quite, it seems to me."

The night drew on and passed; as ever
The little chimney stood next morn;
But where is he, so high and haughty,
Who once the other laughed to scorn?

Ah, in the night a storm had risen,
And from his height the tall one swept,
'Twas so exposed; whereas the other,
Low and low down, his place had kept.

Let us not envy those above us
(We have far less than they to fear);
But whatsoever be life's station,
Contented fill our proper sphere.

ARNOLD AT STILLWATER.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

AH! I remember Stillwater, as it were yesterday;
Then first I shouldered a firelock, and set out the foemen to slay.
The country was up all around us, racing and chasing Burgoyne,
And I had gone out with my neighbors, Gates and his forces to join.
Marched we with poor and with learned, ready and eager to fight,
There stood the foemen before us, cannon and men on the height;
And onward we presssed till the order of Cilley fell full on the ear,
Then we leveled our pieces and fired, and rushed up the slope with a cheer.
Fiercely we charged on their centre, and beat back the stout grenadiers,
And wounded the brave Major Ackland, and grappled the swart cannoneers.
Five times we captured their cannons, and five times they took them again;

But the sixth time we had them we kept them, and with them
a share of their men,
Worn as we were with the struggle, wounded and bleeding and
sore,
Some stood all pale and exhausted, some lay there stiff in their
gore;
And round through the mass went a murmur, that grew to a
whispering clear,
And then to reproaches outspoken, "If General Arnold were
here!"

For Gates, in his folly and envy, had given the chief no command,
And far in the rear some had seen him, horseless and moodily
stand
Knitting his forehead in anger, and gnawing his red lip in pain,
Fretting himself like a blood-hound held back from his prey by
a chain.
Hark! at our right there is cheering, there is the ruffle of drums;
Here is the well-known brown charger, spurring it madly he
comes!
Piercing the tumult behind him, Armstrong is out on his track,
Gates has dispatched his lieutenant to summon the fugitive back.

Wounds they were healed in a moment, weariness instantly gone,
Forward he pointed his sabre, led us, not ordered us on.
Down on the Hessians we thundered, he like a mad man ahead;
Vainly they strove to withstand us, raging they shivered and
fled.
On to their earth-works we drove them, shaking with ire and
dismay;
There they made stand with the purpose to beat back the tide
of the day.
Onward we followed, then faltered, deadly their balls whistled
free;
Where is our death-daring leader? Arnold, our hope, where was
he?

He! he was everywhere, riding hither and thither, his form
On the brown charger careering, showed us the path of the storm.
Over the roar of the cannon, over the musketry's crash
Sounded his voice, while his sabre lit up the way with its flash.
Throwing quick glances around him, reigning a moment his steed,
"Brooks! that redoubt," was his order; "let the rest follow my lead.
Mark where the smoke cloud is parting! See where their gun-barrels glance!
Livingstone, forward! On, Wesson! Charge them! Let Morgan advance.
Forward!" he shouted, and spurring on through the sally port, then
Fell sword in hand on the Hessian, closely behind him our men.

Back shrank the foemen in terror, off went their forces pell-mell,
Firing one Parthian volley. Struck by it Arnold; he fell.
Ours was the day! Up we raised him; spurted the blood from his knee.
"Take this cravat, boys, and bind it; I'm not dead yet," said he.
"What! Did you follow me, Armstrong? Pray, do you think it quite right
Leaving your duties out yonder to risk your dear self in the fight?"
"General Gates sent his orders," falteringly the aide-de-camp spoke,
"You're to return, lest some rashness" — fiercely the speech Arnold broke:
"Rashness! Why, yes, tell the General the rashness he dreaded is done;
Tell him his kinsfolks are beaten; tell him the battle is won!"
Oh, that a soldier so glorious, ever victorious in fight,
Passed from the daylight of honor into the terrible night.
Fell as the mighty archangel, e'er earth glowed into space fell.
Fell from the patriot's heaven down to the loyalist's hell!

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

WILLIAM M'GILL.

LONG years ago there lived in monkish cell
Good Father Clement, learnèd, wise, austere
With his own self, but never wont to dwell
On other's faults with words of blame severe.
The guilty and repentant he would cheer
With kindest speech of loving charity;
A priest who held the sinning soul more dear
Than broken laws, though graven on the sky,
And looked on mankind's woes with sympathetic eye.

All day he wrought amongst the sick and poor,
And strove to lighten their sad load of pain.
His hours of sleep he shortened, to secure
Some time for study, and his weary brain
Taxed to the utmost so that he might gain
Knowledge of alchemy and mystic skill,
Hoping by forced night-marches to attain
To that famed fount whose flood heals every ill,
And Death himself defies with all his power to kill.

Much time he spent in vain and fruitless search
Of this hid treasure, till the fear of sin
Against the laws of God and Holy Church
In seeking fruit of knowledge, which had been
Forbidden, made him stay his toil therein
And straight betake himself to humble prayer.
"Dear Lord," he cried, "if haply I may win
In this exploit, or if I should forbear,
Show me, that I may cease from unrequited care.

"Yet if Thy mercy may this knowledge give,
O let me know the bliss of healing woes;

For it is hard to teach the way to live
To souls whose flesh is racked with deadly throes;
Nor would I use this power in case of those
Whom Thy just judgments have condemned to die.
But surely Death too wide a circle mows,
And Pain's sad victims in vast numbers cry:
One year at least, O Lord, let me this cure apply.

"Then if Thy wisdom longer shall refuse
To grant me this sweet liberty to heal,
The precious secret I shall cease to use,
And to no other soul shall it reveal;
And Thou again mayest set on it Thy seal
Removing it from sight of men for aye.
For one short year of jubilee I kneel;
Yet not for self but others would I pray,
Grant me this one and take my other years away."

Thus this good father raised his humble plaint
To the All Father, fearing to offend;
With meek submission, as became a saint
Of ancient creed, he strove to gain his end,
And that same night did Heaven an answer send.
An angel bore a flagon to his cell,
With liquid filled, clear as what clouds suspend,
And spake: "O man of God, thy cares dispel!
What earthenware may hold I bring from Life's own well.

"Go, use it freely in sweet mercy's cause,
No limit am I bidden to impose,
The worst transgressors of God's righteous laws—
Bestow its healing virtues even on those.
Replenish from the nearest spring that flows,
For no dilution can affect its power,
And find in it a cure for mortals' woes,
To all who use it faithfully, Heaven's dower,
Defending from Death's dart till life's fruition hour.

"O think not such a secret would be hid
In some dark cranny in great Nature's breast,
While Pain and Death, remorseless and unchid,
Wrung Sorrow's flood of tears from the oppressed!
Could thine own arm, to do thy heart's behest,
Wield such an instrument as Moses' rod,
So rocks would yield a cure for the distressed
Wouldst thou not fill vast seas with such a flood?
Deem not thyself, O man, more merciful than God."

This was the message which the angel brought,
And this the gift, the sacred gift from Heaven,
And by its aid were gracious wonders wrought
Pale Death from many a sorrowing household driven;
While taught by the rebuke so gently given
The monk proclaimed the Gospel with fresh zeal
The cure for soul and body passion-riven,
Water and Spirit which together heal,
And work in harmony man's dual nature's weal.

THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

FOR ROSARY SUNDAY.

[The feast of the Rosary was instituted to thank Almighty God for having delivered Christendom from the arms of the Turks by the miraculous victory of Lepanto, in 1571, through the intercession of the Mother of God implored with fervor in the devotion of the rosary. St. Pius ordained a yearly commemoration, under the title of St. Mary de Victoria; the feast is now known under the name of the Holy Rosary, occurring the first Sunday in October.]

THE BOAST OF THE TURKS.

"ALL Europe soon must feel the sway
Of Omar's daring, fearless son;
The Christian true shall dearly pay
The wrongs to us they oft have done,"

Mustapha spoke—true Turk of old!
Lepanto's Gulf afar he sees:
"What say, ye knaves, a sea-fight bold
Will throw Europa on her knees?
Ye are a fierce, avenging throng.
Hear ye, by me 'tis proudly said,
The Christian herds will not reign long,
When dauntless troops are onward led;
They soon shall know the Sunnite's arms
Will make them beg, aye, plead in vain.
Ye Turkish braves, what can alarm
When foes shall fall as thick as rain?
And then, when Europe's sons we hold,
The Koran laws they'll soon embrace;
Refuse? Oh, then they'll quick be sold,
For sacred oath we'll ne'er retrace."

Our Lady's Intercession Invoked.

Within fair Europe's glorious land,
There stood arrayed a noble band;
Whose noble hearts, as strong as brave,
Throbbed for the cross they vowed to save.
Yea, they were threatened by the foe,
Their joy had changed to deepest woe;
The Moslem's power would soon hold sway,
Fain would it swear Christ's faith away.
Lo! See the fatal crisis near—
Will Mary now her children hear?
She ne'er refuseth those who ask
No matter what, or great, the task.
"O Mary, Mother, blessed Queen!
Whose loving care we've ever seen,
Strengthen now our faltering hearts
That deep are pierced with sorrow's darts."
So prayed the Christian host that night,

Whose dread to-morrow rose to sight.
The Ros'ry, by the Pope's command,
Is said by all throughout the land.
The army starts—a hero host!
The Sunnite's threat will prove a boast.
The Pontiff Father wrapt in prayer
Awaits the news his children bear.
All Rome invokes the Queen on high.
"Wait, Pontiff Father—vict'ry's nigh!"
It pleased our Lord, high throned in Heaven,
A vision be to Pius given:
He sees the Moslem on the field;
To Christian arms they're forced to yield;
The hands of Pius high are raised—
"My Queen," he cries, "be thou e'er praised!
We chant thy fame in solemn lay,
For triumph grand is ours this day."

The Battle.

The morning sun poured down its light
Upon the Sunnite fleet;
The Turks—how bold! Their hopes—how bright!
How could they dread defeat!
The Moslems sure were grand arrayed—
Their challenge wild they roared;
They whet the warlike, pointed blade,
They bare the shining sword.
The Christian ships had now advanced,
They waited the command;
Their colors bright the scene enhanced—
They were a gallant band.
The burnished helmets glisten bright,
The swords flash high in air;
Their words of cheer bespoke the strength
They gained from earnest prayer.

No battle e'er so fiercely fought,
  Never a band so brave;
Never did Christian yield his heart,
  A holier cause to save!
One long, one mighty onset—then
  The haughty Moslems fell;
One by one sank low their men—
  Their fate what tongue can tell!
Homeward bound, the Christian crew
  Their native soil they trod;
Nigh to a sacred shrine they drew
  To speak their thanks to God.

MY TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

M. K.

"OF all sad words of tongue or pen,
  The saddest are these," I'm two times ten.
To close the gate on my garden of "teens,"
To open it never again, it means
To leave behind those careless days,
With fun and study filled always;
Never to romp any more, or run,
Or throw to the winds all fears of the sun,
Never again to be quite care free,
For twenty I am, and a woman should be.

Over the gate to my garden of "teens"
I look, and very fair it seems,
To one shut out from its flowers of delight,
And whose future path is dim to her sight.
For what will chance in the next ten years?
What of joy or what of tears?
Who can say but the Power above,
Who looks on us all in pity and love?

THE TWO BROTHERS.

IN Palestine long years ago—
So runs the legend old—
Where Kedron's sparkling waters flow
Across their sands of gold,
And Mt. Moriah lifts his head
Above the sunny plain,
Two brothers owned, as one, 'tis said,
A field of golden grain.

And when the autumn days had come,
And all the shocks and sheaves
Stood waiting for the "harvest home,"
Among the withering leaves,
The elder brother said one night:
"I'm stronger far than Saul,
My younger brother; 'tis but right
That I should give him all
These sheaves that grew upon the plain
We own together, so
I'll put with his my stacks of grain,
And he will never know!"

Scarce had he left the sheaves of wheat
When quietly there came
Across the field, with stealthy feet,
And errand just the same,
The younger lad, who said: "I see
My brother Simon's need
Is greater far than mine, for he
Hath wife and child to feed;
And so to him I'll give my sheaves,
It is but right, I know,
And he will never think who leaves
These wheat stacks on his row!"

Next morning when the brothers twain
Began to count their store,
Behold, each found his stacks of grain
To number as before!
"Why! how is this?" in great surprise
Each to himself then said:
"I'll watch to night and see who tries
These tricks when I'm abed!"
And so, half way across the plain
They met—each one bent o'er
With shocks and sheaves of golden grain
To swell his brother's store!

Good Saul and Simon! Would to-day
More brothers might be found
Who seek each other's good alway,
And in kind deeds abound.

A LITTLE PILGRIM.

ONE summer's eve ere the sun went down,
When men were hastening from the town,
To reach their homes—some near at hand, some far—
By snorting train, by omnibus or car,
To be beyond the reach of city din,—
A horse-car stopped, a little girl got in:
A cheery looking girl, scarce four years old;
Although not shy, her manners were not bold;
But all alone! one could scarce understand.
She held a little bundle in her hand—
A tiny handkerchief with corners tied,
But which did not some bread and butter hide.
She laid her bundle underneath her arm,
And smiling prettily, but yet so calm,
She to the porter said, "May I sit here?"
He answered instantly, "Oh, yes, my dear."

A little after, and the man went round
And soon was heard the old familiar sound
Of gathering pence, and clipping tickets, too—
The car was full and he had much to do.
"Your fare, my little girl," at length he said.
She looked a moment, shook her little head:
"I have no pennies; don't you know," said she,
"My fare is paid, and Jesus paid for me?"
He looked bewildered; all the people smiled,
"I didn't know; and who is Jesus, child?"
"Why, don't you know, He once for sinners died.
For little children, and for men beside,
To make us good and wash us from our sin;
Is this His railway I am traveling in?"
"Don't think it is! I want your fare, you know."
"I told you Jesus paid it long ago.
My mother told me, just before she died,
That Jesus paid when He was crucified;
That at the cross His railway did begin,
Which took poor sinners from a world of sin;
My mother said His home was grand and fair;
I want to go and see my mother there.
I want to go to heaven where Jesus lives,
Won't you go too? My mother said He gives
A loving welcome—shall we be late?
Oh, let us go before He shuts the gate;
He bids us little children come to Him."
The poor conductor's eyes felt rather dim,
He knew not why; he fumbled at his coat,
And felt a something rising in his throat.
The people listened to the little child,
Some were in tears—the roughest only smiled;
And some one whispered as he looked amazed:
"Out of the mouth of babes the Lord is praised."
"I am a pilgrim," said the little thing;
"I'm going to heaven. My mother used to sing

To me of Jesus and His Father's love;
Told me to meet her in His home above,
And so to-day when aunt went out to tea,
And looking out I could not father see,
I got my hat and then I left my home,
A little pilgrim up to heaven to roam:
And then your carriage stopped, and I could see
You looked so kind, I saw you beckon me,
I thought you must belong to Jesus' train.
And are you just going home to heaven again?"
The poor conductor only shook his head:
Tears in his eyes—the power of speech had fled.
Had conscience by her prattle roused his fears,
And struck upon the fountain of his tears,
And made his thoughts in sad confusion whirl?
At last he said: "Once I'd a little girl,
I loved her much; she was my little pet,
And with great fondness I remember yet
How much she loved me. But one day she died."
"She's gone to heaven," the little girl replied.
"She's gone to Jesus. Jesus paid her fare;
Oh, dear conductor! won't you meet her there?"
The poor conductor now broke fairly down;
He could have borne the hardest look or frown.
He kissed the child, for she his heart had won.
"I am so sleepy," said the little one,
"If you will let me, I will sit and wait
Until your carriage comes to Jesus' gate.
Be sure you wake me up, and pull my frock,
And at the gate give just one little knock,
And you'll see Jesus there." The strong man wept.
I could but think as from the car I stept,
How oft a little one has found the road,
The narrow pathway to that blest abode;
Through faith in Christ has read its title clear,
While learned men remain in doubt and fear.

DOWN IN THE STRAWBERRY BED.

JAYS in the orchard are screaming and, hark!
Down in the pasture the blithe meadow-lark
Floods all the air with melodious notes;
Robins and sparrows are straining their throats.
"Dorothy! Dorothy!"—out of the hall
Echoes the sound of the musical call;
Song-birds are silent a moment, then, sweet,
"Dorothy!" all of them seem to repeat.

Where is the truant? No answer is heard
Save the clear trills of each jubilant bird;
Dawn damask roses have naught to unfold,
Fresh with the dew and the morning's bright gold.
"Dorothy, Dorothy!" Still no reply—
None from the arbor or hedgerow anigh;
None from the orchard where grasses are deep,—
"Dorothy!" Surely she must be asleep.

Rover has seen her; his eyes never fail.
Watch how he sabres the air with his tail!
Follow him! follow him! where has he gone?
Out toward the garden and over the lawn.
"Dorothy! Dorothy!" Plaintive and low,
Up from the paths where the hollyhocks grow,
Comes a soft voice, with a tremor of dread:
"Dorofy's down in 'e stwawbewy bed!"

Curls in a tangle and frock all awry,
Bonnet, a beam from the gold in the sky,
Eyes with the sparkle of mirth brimming o'er,
Lap filled with ruby fruit red to the core.
"Dorothy! Dorothy! rogue that thou art,—
Who at thee, sweet one, to scold has a heart?
Apron and fingers and cheeks stained with red—
Dorothy down in the strawberry bed!"

SAINT URSULA.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THERE was once a just and most Christian king of Britain, called Maurus. To him was born a little girl, the fairest creature that this earth ever saw. She came wrapped in a hairy mantle, and all men wondered greatly what this might mean. Then the king gathered together his wise men to inquire of them. But they could not make known the thing to him, for only God in heaven knew how the rough robe signified that she should follow holiness and purity all her days, and the wisdom of St. John the Baptist. And because of the mantle they called her Ursula. She grew day by day in grace and loveliness, and in such wisdom that all men marveled; and when she was fifteen years old she was a light of all wisdom, and a glass of all beauty, and a fountain of sweet ways. Her speech was so full of all delight that it seemed as though an angel of Paradise had taken flesh.

So her fame was carried through the earth, and a king of England, a heathen of over-seas, hearing, was taken with love of her. He set all his heart on having her for his son Æther. So he sent a mighty and honorable embassy of earls and marquises, with goodly company of knights and ladies and philosophers, bidding them, with all courtesy and discretion, pray King Maurus to give Ursula in marriage to Æther. "But," he said, "if Maurus will not hear your gentle words, tell him I will ravage his land with fire and slay his people, and make himself die a cruel death, and will, after, lead Ursula away with me. Give him but three days to answer." When the ambassadors came to King Maurus he would not have his daughter wed a heathen; so they spoke out all the threats. Now the land of Britain was little and its soldiers few, while the heathen was a mighty king and a conqueror; so Maurus was in sore distress. But on the evening of the second day, Ursula went into her chamber and shut the doors, and before the image of the Father prayed all night

with tears, telling how she had vowed in her heart to live a holy maiden all her days, having Christ alone for spouse. But if His will were that she should wed the son of the heathen king, she prayed that wisdom might be given her to turn the hearts of all that people who knew not faith nor holiness. When the clear light of dawn was in the air she fell asleep. And the Angel of the Lord appeared in a dream, saying:

"Ursula, your prayer is heard. At the sun-rising you shall go boldly before the ambassadors of the king of over-seas, for the God of heaven shall give you wisdom and teach your tongue what it should speak."

When it was day Ursula arose and straightway passing to her father's chamber, she told him what grace had been done to her that night, and all that was in her heart. Then Maurus, and his lords and councillors, and the ambassadors of the heathen king were gathered in the Hall of Council. And when Ursula entered, one said to the other: "Who is this that comes from Paradise?" For she moved in all gentleness, with eyes inclined to earth, learned and frank and fair, delightful above all women. Behind her came a hundred maidens, clothed in white silk. They shone brightly as the stars, but Ursula shone as the moon and the evening star. This answer she made the king:

"I will take for spouse Æther, the son of my lord the king of over-seas. But I ask of my lord three graces, and pray of him to grant them. The first is this: That he and the queen and their son be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. The second is that three years may be given me before the bridal, in which to go to and fro upon the sea, that I may visit the bodies of the saints in Rome, and the blessed places of the Holy Land. And for the last, I ask that he choose ten fair maidens of his kingdom, and with each of these a thousand more, all of gentle blood, who shall come to me here, in Britain, and go with me in gladness upon the sea, following this my holy pilgrimage."

Then spake one of the nobles to Maurus, saying: "My lord the king, this your daughter is the Dove of Peace, the same that in the days of the flood brought to the ark of Noah the olive branch

of good news." And at the answer all were so full of joy that they well-nigh could not speak, and with praise and triumph they went their way, and told their master all the sweet answer of Ursula.

Then the king said: "Truly there is not a franker lady under the sun; and I swear there is nothing she can ask that I will not freely give. First of the maidens she desires shall be my daughter Florence."

Then all his lords rose, man by man, and gladly named each his child. So the will of Ursula was done; and the king and all his folk were baptized into the Holy Faith. And Æther, with the English maidens, in number ten thousand, came to the land of Britain. Then Ursula chose her own four sisters, and a thousand daughters of her people, with certain holy bishops and great lords and grave councillors and an abbot of the order of St. Benedict, men full of wisdom and friends of God.

They set sail in eleven ships; and those who dwelt by the shores of the sea came forth in multitudes to gaze upon them as they passed, and to each man it appeared a delightful vision. Upon the shoulder of each was a pilgrim's staff, by their sides were pilgrims' scrips, and each ship's company sailed under the gonfalon of the Holy Cross. Ursula in the midst was like a ray of sunlight, and the angel of the Lord was with them for guide.

So in the holy time of Lent they came to Rome. And when the Pope came forth under the Castle of St. Angelo, with great state to greet them, he put off the mantle of Peter, and with many bishops, priests, brothers, and cardinals, set himself to go with them on their blessed pilgrimage.

At length they came to the land of Slavonia; then the lord of the Saracens sent to the Soldan, telling what a mighty company had come to his land. And he gathered all his men of war, and with great rage made against the company of Ursula. And when they were nigh, the Soldan cried: "What folk are ye?"

And Ursula spake: "We are Christian folk; our feet are turned to the blessed tomb of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the saving of our souls, and that we may win grace to pass into eternal life."

The Soldan answered: "Either deny your God, or I will slay you all with the sword, and you shall see your land no more."

And Ursula said: "Even so we desire to be witnesses of the name of God; because He has made heaven and earth and the sea by His word, afterward all living things; and willed Himself to die for our salvation. And who follows Him shall go to rejoice in His Fatherland and in His Kingdom."

Then she turned to her people: "My sisters and my brothers, in this place God has given us great grace; and our death will be life perpetual, and joy and sweetness never ending. And above we shall be with the angels."

Then the Soldan gave commandment that all should be slain. And so was it done. Yet when he saw Ursula standing in the midst of the slaughter, and how she was exceeding lovely beyond the tongues of earth to tell, he would have saved her. But when she would not and rebuked him, he was moved with anger. Now there was a bow in his hand, and he set an arrow on the string and drew it with all his strength, and it pierced the heart of the glorious maiden. So she went to God.

DECEMBER.

RT. REV. W. C. DOANE.

WHEN angel hosts sing glory to God on high, the earth
Must ring with the sweet story of Jesu's wondrous birth.
He Alpha, He Omega, began that day to give
Unending life, unending love to all in Him who live.
O month! whose robe of white snow means Mary, Virgin pure!
O month! whose trees of evergreen mean God's love true and sure!
While mistletoe, like frozen tear, hangs weeping on the trees,
And holly boughs bear berries red as blood, from sin that frees,
We learn from Thee how ever green the faithful love must grow
In hearts His blood makes white and clean, till scarlet be as snow.

A DAY TOO LATE.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

WHEN the crimson flush of morning
Touched the sleeping hill with flame,
Peacefully she sank to slumber
Murmuring her wand'rer's name;
Kindly neighbors knelt around her,
And her girls were by her side,
But her thoughts were with another
In the hour before she died.

With her boy, his father's namesake,
As she saw him years before
Playing football in the meadow
Scarce a furlong from the door,
Saw his stalwart form so proudly
Rise above his comrade boys;
Heard his young voice gaily ringing
Through the turmoil and the noise.

And again she saw him riding
On the horse his father led,
When the mist rose o'er the valley
And the evening skies were red;
Saw his childish blue eyes gleaming
As he passed along the street,
While his peals of baby laughter
Were to her as music sweet.

He had wandered far from Ireland,
And for long and weary years
She had hungered for a letter
Prayed for it with bitter tears;
And his name was softly uttered
With her last sad, broken prayer—

Surely God's white angels bore it
To that land so bright and fair.

Then they placed her brown shroud on her,
Speaking lowly all the while
Of her wedding, of her children,
Of her gentle, patient smile,
Of the good deeds done in silence;
And they laid her out to rest,
With her rosary in her fingers,
And the cross upon her breast.

Later on, a schoolboy passing
Slowly on his homeward way,
Brought for her the wished-for letter,
She had longed for many a day,
Written from a ranch in Texas,
Marked in parts with blot and stain,—
One might guess where tears had fallen
Thickly as the summer rain.

And they read it by her bedside
As if she could understand
All his doings, all his travels,
Since he left his native land,
All his deep remorse and anguish,
All his trials, all his fears,
All the high hopes he was building
For his future, coming years.

Then they laid it on her bosom—
And I think an angel's tongue
Yet shall read its message to her
All the heavenly host among.
But for him—ah, me! what sorrow
Is enough to mourn his fate
When he knows at length his letter
Came just one short day too late.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

HOW pure and frail and white the snowdrops shine!
Gather a garland bright for Mary's shrine.
For, born of Winter's snows, these fragile flowers
Are gifts to our fair Queen from spring's first hours.

For on this blessed day she knelt at prayer;
When, lo! before her shone an angel fair.
"Hail, Mary!" thus he cried, with reverent fear;
She, with sweet, wondering eyes, marveled to hear.

Be still, ye clouds of heaven! be silent, earth!
And hear an angel tell of Jesus' birth,
While she, whom Gabriel hails as full of grace,
Listens with humble faith in her sweet face.

Be still, pride, war, and pomp, vain hopes, vain fears,
For now an angel speaks, and Mary hears.
"Hail, Mary!" lo, it rings through ages on;
"Hail, Mary!" it shall sound till time is done.

"Hail, Mary!" infant lips lisp it to-day;
"Hail, Mary!" with faint smile the dying say.
"Hail, Mary!" many a heart broken with grief,
In that angelic prayer has found relief.

And many a half-lost soul, when turned at bay,
With those triumphant words has won the day.
"Hail, Mary, Queen of Heaven!" let us repeat,
And place our snowdrop wreath here at her feet.

RODNEY'S RIDE.

[July 3, 1776.]

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

IN that soft midland where the breezes bear
The north and the south on the genial air,
Through the county of Kent, on affairs of state,
Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.
Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
His three-cornered hat and his coat of snuff,
A foe to King George and the English state
Was Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew, from his anxious face,
It was matter grave that had brought him there
To the counties three upon Delaware.
"Money and men we must have," he said,
"Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead.
Give us both and the king shall not work his will
We are *men* since the blood of Bunker Hill."

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay:
"Hollo, Rodney, ho! you must save the day,
For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
And your vote alone may decide its fate!"
Answered Rodney then: "I will ride with speed;
It is Liberty's stress; it is Freedom's need.
When stands it?" "To-night. Not a moment spare,
But ride like the wind on the Delaware."

"Ho, saddle the black! I've but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away.
But I'll be in time, if God grants me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face."

He is up; he is off! and the black horse flies
On the northward road ere the "God-speed!" dies.
It is gallop and spur as the leagues they clear,
And the clustering mile-stones move a-rear.

It is two of the clock, and the fleet hoofs fling
The Fieldsboro' dust with a clang and cling.
It is three, and he gallops with slack rein where
The road winds down to the Delaware;
Four, and he spurs into Newcastle town.
From his panting steed he gets him down:
"A fresh one, quick; not a moment's wait!"
And off speeds Rodney, the delegate.

It is five, and the beams of the western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington gold and dun;
Six, and the dust of the Chester street
Flies back in a cloud from his horse's feet.
It is seven; the horse-boat, broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the stream,
And at seven-fifteen by the Rittenhouse clock
He flings his rein to the tavern Jock.

The Congress is met; the debate's begun,
And Liberty lags for the vote of one—
When into the hall, not a moment late,
Walks Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.
Not a moment late, and that half-day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride;
For the act was passed ere the midnight stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung;
"We are free!" all the bells through the colonies rung.
And the sons of the free may recall with pride
The day of Delegate Rodney's ride.

THE WORK THAT IS BEST.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

LONG centuries ago, in a famed city
Across the sea, a great cathedral stood,
A witness to the beauty Art had wrested
From marble, bronze and wood.

One day the sunlight, through a slanted window,
Upon a shadowed arch a moment shone,
Revealing unto those whose eyes were lifted,
What none before had known.

It was a sculptured face of such transcendent
And utter loveliness that those who saw,
Deemed they had looked upon a heavenly vision,
And held their breath for awe.

And day by day, for many years thereafter,
Men came from far and near, happy to sit
And wait beneath the arch, for the brief sun-ray
That should illumine it;

And felt them well repaid for all their waiting
If they could catch, just for a moment's space,
Whereon to speak, to dream, to live, a single
Swift glimpse of that fair face.

This is the story: When the great cathedral
Was being built, one day, with meek respect,
There came a man, aged and feeble, unto
The master architect,

And asked that of the work, so sweet and sacred,
Some humblest portion might be granted him.
His feebleness and age compassionating,
Yet fearing that his dim,

Uncertain sight and trembling, eager fingers
Might mar some fair design, some perfect view,
The master, in the high roof's vaulted shadows
Set him his work to do.

Day after day, with sweet, untiring patience,
In his obscure and humble place he wrought;
From his more highly trusted fellow-workers
Winning scant speech or thought.

At last, one morning, still and cold they found him,
His right hand's cunning gone; the mystic grace
Of death enfolding him, his face upturning
Unto that other face

That he had wrought; the face of the dear Virgin,
For she it was whom he had loved so well,
That his last thoughts were how to make the sculpture
His adoration tell.

And as they gazed, the artists and the sculptors,
The craftsmen all, whose skill was making fair
And grand the vast cathedral, on the beauty
So strangely carven there,

"Grandest of all!" they cried; and then they whispered:
"Who works for fame or gold doth something miss;
Unheeding praise or blame, in shadowed silence,
Love hath wrought this!

"Grandest of all!" they cried; "before whose perfect
Ideal beauty all our boastings cease.
Hail to the love that thus for love's sake only
Hath wrought Art's masterpiece!"

So in the Temple of the Ages, builded
Out of men's lives, it comes to every one
Some day to find there is no work so noble
As that which love hath done.

SAINT ANTHONY.

MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

[From *Harper's Magazine*. Copyright, 1890, by Harper & Brothers.]

IT was Christmas eve; a snow storm passed
O'er the hills that o'ertop Vienne;
Rose a mist that obscured the hills and cast
Deep gloom over gorge and glen.
The women and girls in the low-built town
Watched the flakes as they hovered down.
But not long lasted so gay a mood;
For, "Where is my child?" shrieked a mother, aloud;
"And where is my child?" "And mine?"
Were echoed in chorus by all the crowd.
For each had some loved one in mist and cloud
Herding the goats or tending the swine.

Soon the church was filled with mothers and wives
Wrestling in prayer for the precious lives;
And many a fond caress was given,
And many thanksgivings went up to heaven,
When all who'd been prayed for—not all—for yet
Out on the mountain-side, cold and wet,
Frightened, bewildered, and shivering, sat
Two orphan children—little Linette
And her younger brother Paul.

Deep in a cave the little ones hid, weeping,
Their swine close huddled near them in a crowd;
Paul, into Linette's sheltering bosom creeping,
Bewailed his hunger and the cold aloud.

"Look up! take heart, dear Paul!" she answered, brightly.
"Ere long I am sure we'll safely reach the town.
And listen, Paul (for I must keep on praying),
The convent bell soon wafts its summons down."

So she knelt praying, praying, but still trying
With words of love Paul's courage to uphold;

Who, all the while she spoke, sat softly crying
And growing drowsier in the biting cold.

"Paul, it is Christmas eve, I now remember;
Perhaps our pigs may speak to us," she said.
"They say beasts talk on this night in December,
When Jesus lay a babe in cattle-shed.

"O Paul, suppose it's true! Our swine might tell us
How to Saint Anthony's to find our way.
We'll tell the Reverend Fathers what befell us;
I know they will not turn Christ's waifs away.

"'Father—our only Father, we've no other—
Hear us and help us. Other help we've none;
Be good to us, because we have no mother;
Save Paul! save me! I can't leave Paul alone!'"

And, suddenly, the cave grew brighter, larger;
Their tearful, wondering eyes grew fixed and big.
Five creatures entered it—a gallant charger,
Two lions, and a raven, and a pig.

The lions stooped and licked the children's faces,
The life returned that had so nearly fled;
And when revived by warmth, with queer grimaces
The raven dropped on them a loaf of bread.

"Leave every hundred years," said the steed, "is given
To us one hour on Christmas eve to speak,
And do, in honor of our Saint in heaven,
One deed of kindness to the poor or weak.

"Mount on my back; the bells will soon give warning;
We must depart; our moments fleet away.
All children should be happy Christmas morning;
The Saviour's birthday is the children's day."

Down the steep hill, half-frightened still,
The children rode the horse;

The raven fluttered the flakes away,
The lions slowly broke the way
Down to the rocky gorge where lay
Saint Anthony's convent, lone and grey.
Within the chapel was warmth and light
Such as befitted a Christmas night;
But every brother was in his cell
Waiting the sound of the midnight bell.
Over the altar, clear and bright,
Saint Anthony stood in the Christmas light.
With hands outstretched he signed the cross
O'er children and lions, pig, raven and horse;
And then he slowly faded away,
Like the lingering light of a dying day.

The gallant charger raised his head,
And with a faltering voice he said:
"Patient in hardship and trusty in need,
I was Sir Anthony's own steed
When forth he went, a Christian knight,
For God and honor and truth to fight.
Living creatures, great or small,
Feathered or furred, he loved them all.
A wondrous faculty of speech
God gave him, too, that he might preach
His will to birds and beasts and fish,
What each should do, what each might wish.
He told us of a coming day
When God would wipe all tears away
From human eyes. 'And,' said he, 'then
You, too, shall share the joys of men;
That day will bring your own release
From servile fears; your toil shall cease.'
Some impulse, all unknown to me,
Prompted Sir Anthony suddenly
To cross the seas to that strange land

That lies half-buried under sand.
Not mine my master's will to cross—
What was I but his faithful horse?
But it has always seemed to me
That God's good purpose it must be
That in a world he once called good,
Every created being should
Be just as happy as it could."

Here his voice faltered, and the raven said:
"I was soaring high in the air
O'er the sands of the desert bare,
When a fallen knight I spied
Stretched on the earth by his horse's side.
Down I flew, with glad surprise,
Whetting my beak to pick out their eyes.
As my shadow fell across
The dying knight and his dead horse,
He frayed me away with a feeble hand
And spake in words I could understand:
'Avaunt, thou cruel bird of prey!
Spare my horse—my gallant gray;
Never knight had steed so good.
I charge thee by the Holy Rood
With which I sign thee, touch him not.
But to-morrow to this spot
Hasten back and thou mayst dine,
Not on his eyes, but on mine.'
As he spoke thus, in my breast
Something stirred. I went in quest
Of a little stream not far away.
I dipped my black wings in the pool,
I drenched myself in the water cool,
I fluttered over him where he lay,
Till he rose refreshed, as from trance or dream;
And I guided his steps to the healing stream."

Here the lions, interrupting, took the story up and cried:
"We, too, help the saintly champion after Paul the Hermit
died.
Till one night when we were prowling o'er the sands in search
of prey,
Ere the dawning gave us warning 'twas the hour to steal away,
Lo! we heard the champion praying: 'Heavenly Father, to
this cave
Send me someone who may help me dig Thine aged servant's
grave!'
Soon we scooped the grave he needed; in it Holy Paul he laid;
Then we stole away and left him as beside the grave he prayed."

Said little Paul, the small white pig caressing,
As close he hugged it fondly to his breast:
"What did you do to bring the saint a blessing?
They say he loved you more than all the rest."

"Nay," said the pig, "I only gave him pleasure;
What did you think a little pig could do?
I was his link to earth, his one sole treasure,
And that he loved me best of all, is true.

"His last caress to me was faintly given,
For I was closely nestled at his side;
Then his worn hands he clasped in prayer to heaven,—
The angels came for him; and so he died.

"Men came. They found us. Me they cast forth roughly;
Called me unclean, unholy, and abhorred;
Said it was a shame to see me there, and gruffly
Chased me away from my dear friend and lord.

"As I lay dying, ere my life departed,
A voice that with sweet music seemed to blend
Spake thus to me: 'Thou shalt no more be parted,
Fond, faithful creature, from thy saintly friend.

"'Know that in art thou shalt be found forever,
Whether the artist work in stone or paint,
Beside Saint Anthony. No hand shall sever
His faithful pig from the dumb creatures' saint.'"

Here the pig broke off his story.
Over town and glen and hill
Rang the Christmas bells out: "Glory!
Glory, glory, peace—good-will!"

And the monks, in long procession,
Torches waving, banners spread,
Filed into the convent chapel
With their abbot at their head.

As he neared the lighted altar,
"What is here?" the abbot cried.
For he saw two lonely children
Sleeping softly side by side.

And he added, as the others
Gathered round Linette and Paul,
"They are Christmas gifts, my brothers
That our saint has sent us all.

"In a vision late I saw him,
And he said: 'Whilst I approve
All your zeal, one thing is lacking,
Some frail living thing to love.

"'Such a gift, bestowed by heaven,
Will your convent soon receive;
Look for it before the altar
In your chapel Christmas eve!'"

"Glory, glory!" sang the Fathers;
"Blessed children they shall be;
No more orphans. We will call them
Children of Saint Anthony!"

"WILL MY SOUL PASS THROUGH IRELAND?"

DENNIS O'SULLIVAN.

O SOGGARTH aroon! sure I know life is fleeting;
Soon, soon, in the strange earth my poor bones will lie;
I have said my last prayer and received my last blessing,
And, if the Lord's willing, I'm ready to die.
But, soggarth aroon, can I never again see
The valleys and hills of my dear native land?
When my soul takes its flight from this dark world of sorrow,
Will it pass through old Ireland to join the blest band?

O soggarth aroon! sure I know that in heaven
The loved ones are waiting and watching for me,
And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be with them,
In those realms of joy, 'mid souls pure and free;
Yet, soggarth, I pray, ere you leave me forever,
Relieve the last doubt of a poor dying soul,
Whose hope, next to God, is to know that when leaving
'Twill pass through old Ireland on the way to its goal.

O soggarth aroon! I have kept through all changes
The thrice-blessed shamrock to lay o'er my clay;
And oh! it has minded me, often and often,
Of that bright smiling valley so far, far away.
Then tell me, I pray you, will I ever again see
The place where it grew on my own native sod?
When my body lies cold in the land of the stranger,
Will my soul pass through Erin on its way to our God?

A LESSON IN WEIGHING.

CHARLES R. TALBOT.

OLD Farmer Ray came home one day
With groceries from the Centre;
And jumping from his queer old shay,
He called out like a stentor—
"Ho, there! Bring out the steelyards, Ruth:
I'm some mistrustful, I am,
Friend Barton's scales don't tell the truth,
And I'm a-goin' to try 'em!"

So then his wife the steelyards brought,
And Farmer Ray proceeded
To weigh each article he'd bought,
To see if aught was needed
To make it of the proper weight.
And, lo! the trial ended,
The sugar lacked just one pound eight,
Of what had been pretended.

Into his shay jumped Farmer Ray,
And whirled round in a jiffy;
Then out the gate and down the way
He started off, as if he
Were riding for his life. "I'll teach
The rascal to cheat me, sir!"
He muttered. "I'll make him a speech,
As sure's my name ain't Cæsar!"

Arrived before the Centre store,
He loudly shouted, "Whoa, sir!"
To Dobbin; then turned toward the door,
To seek the guilty grocer.

There, at his desk, Friend Barton stood,
So smiling, fat and ruddy,
One felt at once he was too good
To injure anybody.

"Oho! back are ye, Farmer Ray?"
Pleasantly quoth Friend Barton;
"Left suthin' that you bought here, hey?
Wal, now, I feel right sartin"——
But here the farmer cut him short:
"Yes, sir!" he cried; "you've hit it!
I did leave somethin' that I bought,
And I've come back to git it!

"I'd like to know," continued he,
Though wellnigh choked with choler,
"How much white sugar, usually,
You sell folks for a dollar.
Ten pounds, eh? Wal, you jes' weigh this,
Two dollars' wuth complete, it
Purtends to be; but if it is,
Then I'll agree to—eat it!"

With this he threw the sugar down
Before him and awaited
His answer, with a threatening frown.
The grocer, thus berated,
Looked up amazed, apparently,
Although his mouth was working
Oddly enough, and in his eye
A humorous gleam seemed lurking.

"What, neighbor Ray, d'ye mean to say
There's less than twenty pound there?
Wal, now, that's funny anyway.
Why, neighbor, I'll be bound there

Was twenty when I tied the string.
I'll tell ye how I know it;
You'll grant that this, if anything,
Is evidence to show it.

"You brought some butter in to-day,
All into balls made nicely;
Just twenty of 'em—said to weigh
A pound apiece precisely.
Wal, when I took 'em from the pail,
(Jes' so's to save the bother),
I put all twenty in one scale,
An' weighed your sugar in t'other.

"An' so you see it must be right,
An' you have made an utter
Mistake. However, 'f you ain't quite
Convinced, I'll git that butter"——
"Oh, don't do that! I beg ye don't!"
Quickly exclaimed the farmer.
"I assure ye there ain't no need on't!
Whew! Ain't it growin' warmer?"

He paused, and stood and wiped his brow,
With his immense bandanna—
A very different person now
In look and tone and manner.
A sickly smile replaced his frown;
And 'twas no voice of thunder
In which (with eyes that would drop down)
He owned he'd made a blunder.

"You're right! you're right! 'Tis plain as day!
I was mistaken!" said he.
"Wal, wal, I must be on my way!
I've stayed too long already."

So saying, he humbly took once more,
From where he'd lately thrown it,
The sugar, and went out the door
As if he had been shown it.

"Wal," said the grocer, watching this
Retreat with quiet laughter,
"I guess them butter-balls o' his
Will weigh a *pound* hereafter."
"Wal," said the farmer, in his shay,
Pondering the case, "the fact is
I've had a lesson in weighin' to-day
'T I'm going to put in practice."

THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE champions had come from their fields of war,
Over the crests of the billows far;
They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,
Where the deep had foamed to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse-king's board;
By the glare of the torch-light the mead was poured,
And a captive girl, at the warriors' call,
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood—in her mournful eyes
Lay the clear midnight of southern skies,
And the drooping fringe of their lashes low,
Half-veiled a depth of unfathomed woe.

They bade her sing of her distant land;
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,
Till the spirit its blue skies had given her woke,
And the stream of her voice into music broke.

[Recitation continues, with musical accompaniment.]

They bid me sing of thee, mine own, my sunny land, of thee! Am I not

Andante.

p

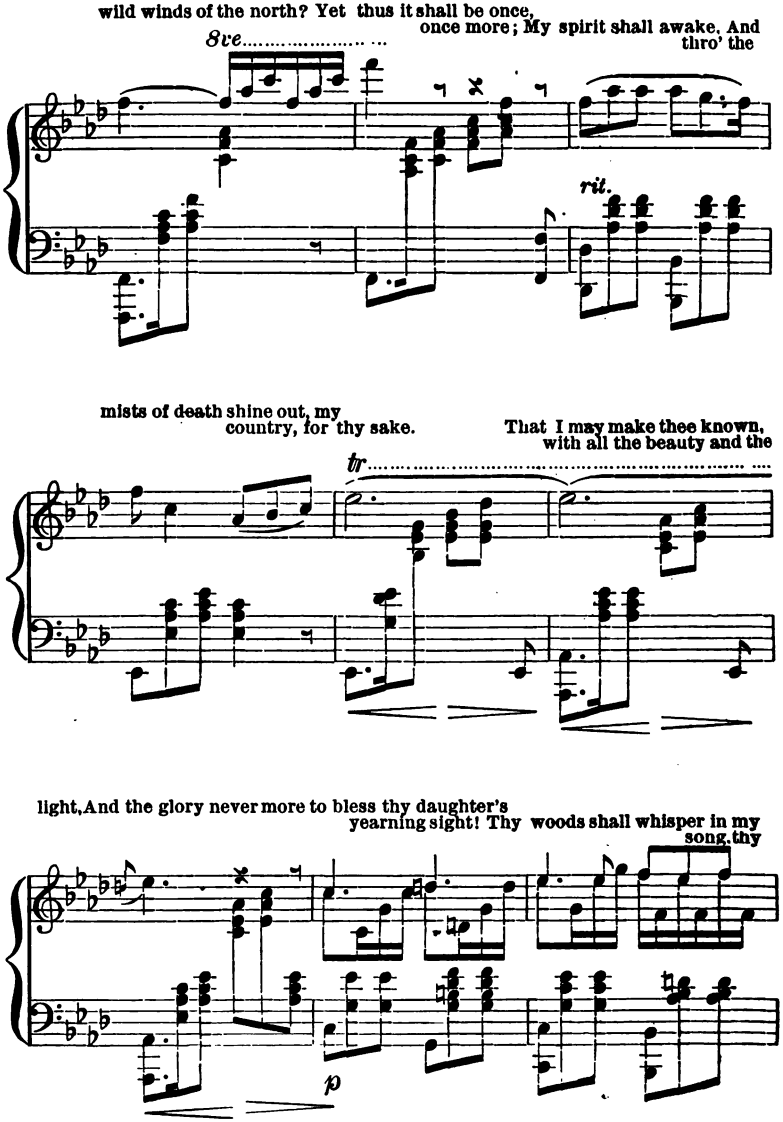
parted from thy shores by the mournful sounding sea? Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul? In

tr

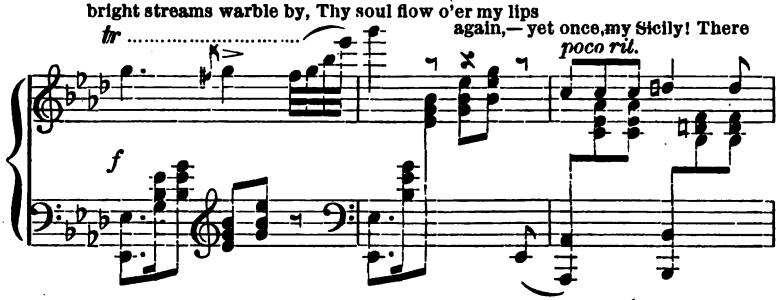
silence let me die, In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure, deep sapphire sky;

tr

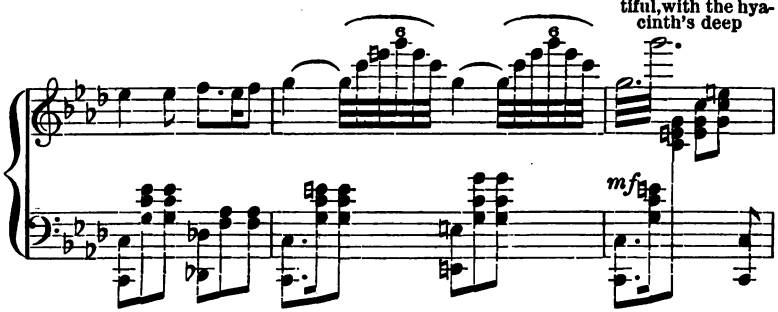
How should thy lyre give here its wealth of buried sweetness forth? Its tones, of summer's breathings born, to the


wild winds of the north? Yet thus it shall be once, once more; My spirit shall awake, And thro' the
8ve
rit.
mists of death shine out, my country, for thy sake.
That I may make thee known, with all the beauty and the
tr
light, And the glory never more to bless thy daughter's yearning sight! Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy
p

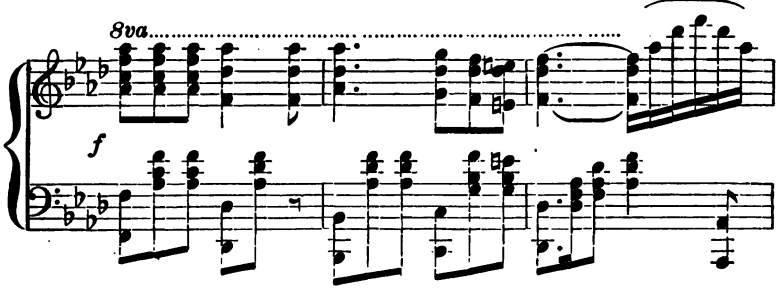
bright streams warble by, Thy soul flow o'er my lips again,—yet once, my Sicily! There



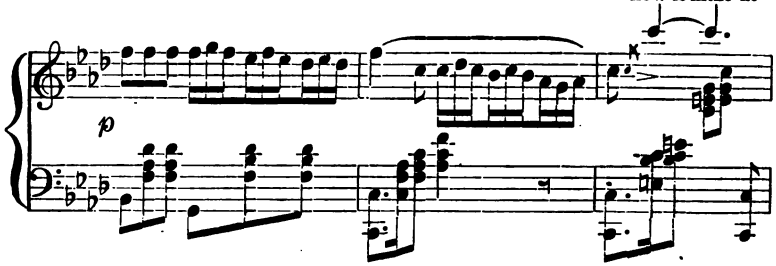
are blue heavens — far hence, far hence! but oh! their glorious blue! Its very night is beautiful, with the hyacinth's deep



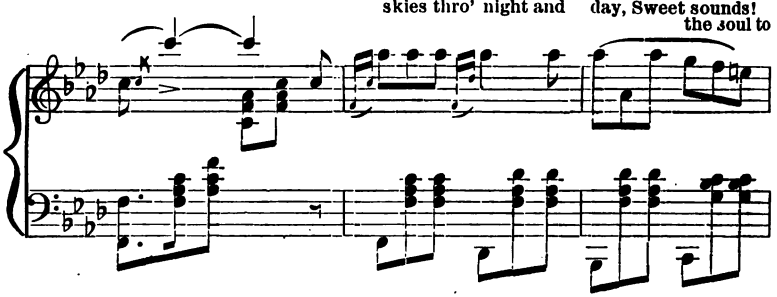
hue! It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing home, And arching o'er my vintage hills, they hang their cloudless



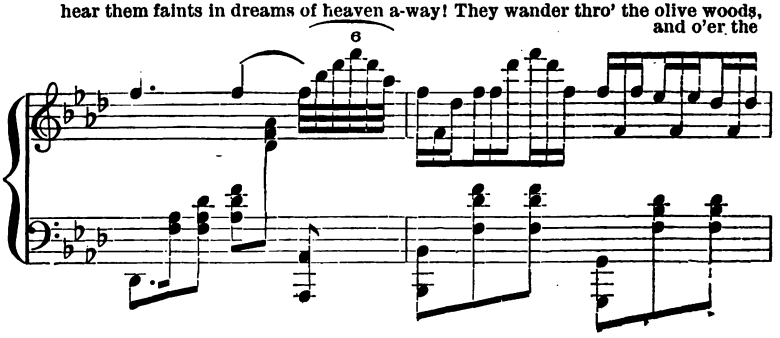
dome, And making all the waves as gems, that melt along the shore, And steeping happy hearts in joy, that now is mine no



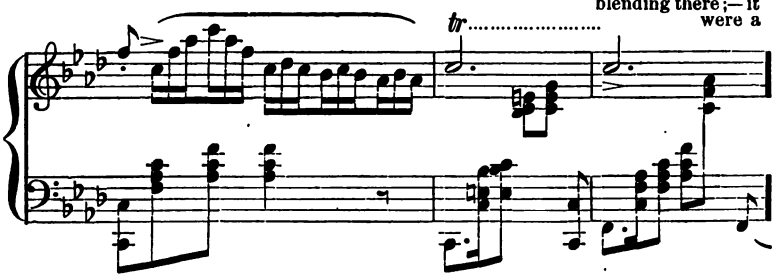
more. And there are floating sounds that fill the skies thro' night and day, Sweet sounds! the soul to



hear them faints in dreams of heaven a-way! They wander thro' the olive woods, and o'er the

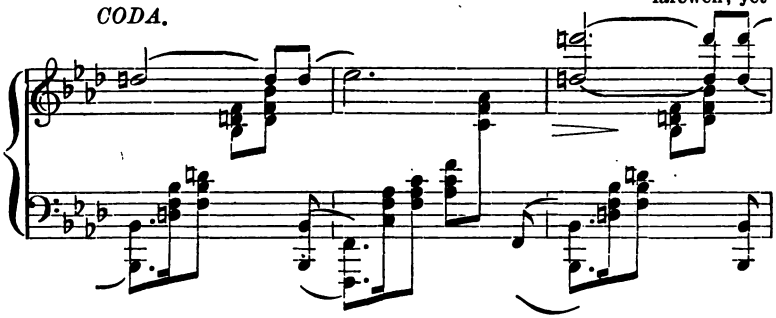


shining seas: They mingle with the orange scents that load the sleepy breeze; Lute, voice, and bird are blending there;—it were a

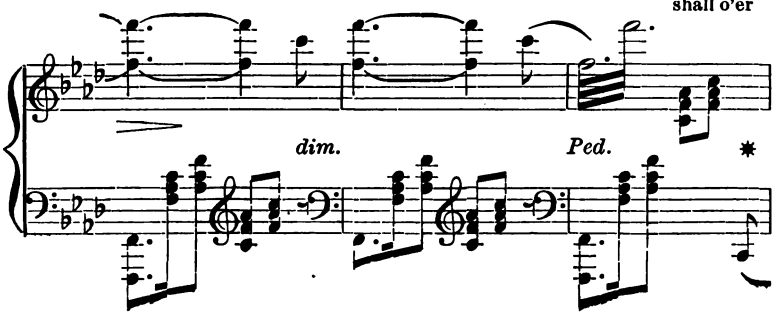


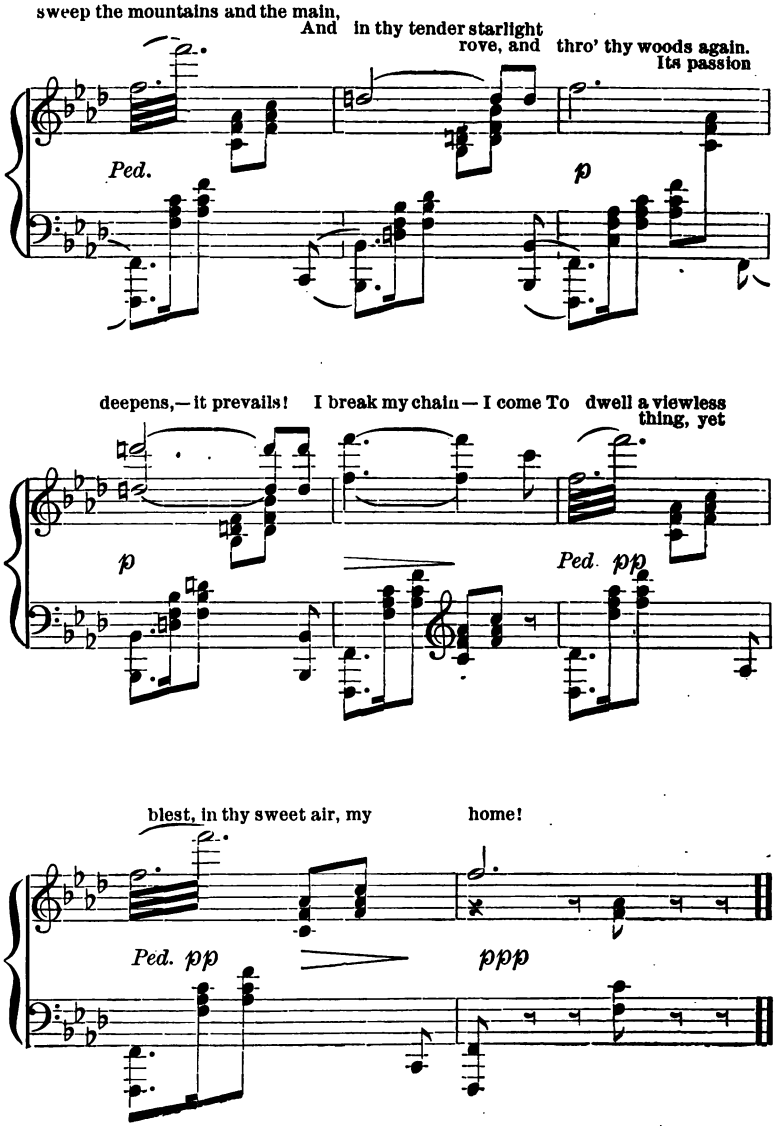
bliss to die, As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flow'ry Sicily! I may not thus depart,— farewell; yet

CODA.



no, my country, no! Is not love stronger than the grave? I feel it must be so! My fleeting spirit shall o'er




sweep the mountains and the main,
And in thy tender starlight
rove, and thro' thy woods again.
Its passion
Ped.
p
deepens,—it prevails! I break my chain—I come To dwell a viewless
thing, yet
p
Ped. pp
blest, in thy sweet air, my home!
Ped. pp
ppp

And her pale arms dropped the ringing lyre,
There came a mist o'er her eye's wild fire;
And her dark rich tresses, in many a fold,
Loosed from their braids, down her bosom rolled.

For her head sank back on the rugged wall,—
A silence fell o'er the warriors' hall;
She had pour'd out her soul with her song's last tone;
The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone!

TENNIS DRILL.

MARY DREW WILSON.

IN the new and popular Tennis Drill for six young ladies and six young gentlemen, or twelve young ladies, opportunity is afforded for beautiful and graceful action, forming a delightful feature of an evening's entertainment.

DIRECTIONS FOR DRILL.

Twelve young ladies of about equal height, or six young ladies and six young gentlemen, form the company, with one lady as umpire or captain.

The company may be dressed in fancy tennis costume. The rackets, of medium size, should be trimmed with bright colored ribbons about three-quarters of an inch wide and a yard and a half long, tied in a pretty bow on the handles, and the narrowest of ribbon to match may also be woven across the face of the rackets, taking the place of the cords. The captain may carry an imitation racket made of paper, upon which should be written the figures of the drill. This racket may be fastened to a wand, so that it may be used in marking time. To every figure give eight counts. For music any good 4–4 march time will do.

Captain enters, taking her position near the front of the stage to the left. Company enters from opposite sides in single files, half the number on one side and half on the other, partners opposite

each other. They pass each other across the back of the stage, those on the right holding their rackets in one hand, those on the left in the other. Still continuing in single file, on opposite sides of the stage, they march down to the front. There they pass each other in line, as at the back, and as the partners meet in the centre 1 and 1, 2 and 2, 3 and 3, 4 and 4, 5 and 5, 6 and 6, form an arch with their rackets. They march in pairs to the front, where they separate to the right and left, return to the back, fall again into pairs, cross arms, holding the rackets erect, and march to front. Then go in pairs, right and left, first pair to right, second pair to left, third pair to right, fourth pair to left, fifth pair to right, sixth pair to left. March around and fall into two rows across the stage—first, third and fifth in front row, second, fourth and sixth in back row, prepared for drill. Rackets must all be held in right hand for drill. (Captain may pace up and down, or stand with her arms folded during this march.)

After the company has formed in two lines, the captain advances and gives the command.

1. RETREAT: Company takes four steps back and are in position for drilling.

2. COURTESY: Right foot forward in front of left; raise racket to erect position on right shoulder, with right hand, left hand down at side. As racket is raised to shoulder, all courtesy to left.

3. DOWN: Racket falls to the side; 8 counts.

4. HEAD: Racket held with right hand on head; 8 counts; left foot forward, body slightly bent, left hand on hip.

5. UP: Racket back of and a little above head, held by both hands and slightly swayed to the right, head turned a little to the left.

6. GROUND: Touch head, 1 count; shoulder, 1 count; swing with tips of fingers, 2 counts; ground, letting rackets lie flat on the ground, still holding them, 4 counts.

7. PETITION: Raise quickly from ground, hold racket directly out in front in right hand, left hand across the breast.

8. WAVE: High over heads with right hand, left hand down at side.

9. LISTEN: Racket held back of right ear, left hand on hip, body inclined toward the right.

10. ANGER: Partners face each other, stamp and raise rackets angrily as if about to strike.

11. RECONCILIATION: Let racket fall to the side, throw a kiss from the tips of the fingers of the left hand.

12. POISE: Racket held out at arm's length in front, left foot back, slightly lifted, left hand resting on left hip.

13. RACKETS ALOFT: Right foot turned to the right, racket lifted and held by both hands overhead, elbows bent.

14. ELBOW: Left arm placed diagonally across breast, fingers touching right shoulder. Allow left elbow to rest upon face of racket; incline head to right.

15. CHEST: Right foot forward, knee bent, racket pressed against chest, with both hands crossed on the face of it.

16. DISDAIN: Take opposite direction of torso and head. Hold racket in left hand back of head, right hand on hip; step back obliquely; 8 counts.

17. ARM-MOVEMENT: Racket held by both hands, moved forward arm's length, then backward, striking chest four times; 8 counts.

18. STRIKE: Four raps with racket on the ground; 8 counts.

19. SURRENDER: Lay racket at feet. Rise simultaneously, body erect, arms folded.

20. RECOVER: Stoop and pick up racket, resting it on right hip, left hand at side.

21. TENDERNESS: Racket held over heart, handle in right hand, left hand placed over face of racket; incline the body slightly forward.

22. VICTORY: Racket held aloft, left foot crossing right foot in front and standing on tiptoes.

23. WAVE: Wave joyfully around the head.

24. SORROW: Right elbow supported by left hand, head leaning to right, resting on racket, which is held in the right hand; eyes closed.

25. SHOULDER. Racket on shoulder; 8 counts.

26. BREAK RANKS: Front row falls back in pairs into back row, which breaks apart in pairs to receive them, forming one line with the pairs in regular order, 1 and 1, 2 and 2, 3 and 3, 4 and 4, 5 and 5, 6 and 6. Then all together take four steps back, captain to the side.

27. SALUTE: Rackets on right shoulder, 2 counts; then extend them obliquely to the right, 2 counts; bring forward with a graceful waving movement and place under left arm, 8 counts.

28. FORM RINGS: Take four steps forward and form two circles, six in each, each one holding his own racket with one hand, and that of the person next with the other, rackets held out at arm's length.

29. REVOLVE: The circle at the left takes 8 steps around to the right, then reverse, taking 8 steps to the left; while the circle at the right takes 8 steps to the left, then reverse, taking 8 steps to the right.

30. PARTNERS: Form in line again, in pairs, and march around the stage. When in the middle of the stage the first couple face each other and form an arch, with their rackets—touching at arm's length—above them, held by both hands, as in "London Bridge." The second couple pass under them, their rackets held directly in front with both hands. As soon as they are through they raise their rackets, making a second arch. The third couple pass through both arches and make a third arch; then the fourth couple, making a fourth arch, followed by the fifth and sixth couples. Then the first couple lower their rackets, pass through five arches and separate, one going to the right, the other to the left. The second couple then pass through the remaining arches and do the same, followed by the third, fourth and fifth couples. Then the sixth drop their arms and follow. These two lines march around the stage twice, going in opposite directions, racket on shoulder. The third time they meet, the couples fall together and march off the stage, holding their rackets with both hands on their heads.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN.

'TIS night in the forest, the long day is over,
And each feathered songster has gone to his nest,
And even the sparrow, that pert little rover,
Has ceased all his chatt'ring and sunk into rest.
When what do I hear,
So sweet and so clear,
Away to the West?

The melody swells, every note richly blended,
It rises and falls like the waves of the sea,
Now high, till with sweetness the heavens seem rended,
And then like the wind, as it sighs o'er the lea!
Till the old forest round
Seems bathed in the sound
From out the elm tree.

What heavenly singer such exquisite trilling
Dispenses so freely, and yet hides himself?
How lovely the form of the being who's filling
The air with such stores of melodious wealth!
That music of thine
Is almost divine.
Come, show thy sweet self.

I looked in the elm tree, and in its thick cover,
A little brown creature amid the boughs green
Was filling the wood till it seemed to run over,
With praise to the God of love, felt though unseen.
And while each rich note
Swelled up from its throat,
Stars looked on the scene.

And who is this plain, unassuming musician,
This warbler in brown with his Orphean strain?
O Nightingale! hid 'neath that garb what patrician
Of birds so harmoniously sings thy refrain?
Thy voice is thy dower,
And, bowed 'neath its power,
We own thy sweet reign.

CONSTERNATION.

THE housewife woke with sudden fright,
About the hour of two,
And, trembling, lay with gasping breath,
Not knowing what to do.

All sorts of plans for safety sped
Like lightning through her brain;
But still she was inanimate
Held fast by terror's chain.

Was there a burglar down below,
Revealed by latch's click,
That made her heart almost stand still
And every fibre sick?

Was creaking step upon the stair?
Had baby ceased to breathe,
That she should take this Russian bath,
Or creeping chills receive?

Was smell of smoke within the house?
Had she forgot her prayers?
Oh, no, she simply had not brought
The silver-ware upstairs!

WHAT LOTTIE SAW.

E. L. BROWN.

LOTTIE SMITH lived in the country. She had been an errand at a neighbor's, and she set her basket on the floor as she came into the kitchen, where her mother was frying doughnuts.

"Well, daughter, are you tired?"

"Yes, I am pretty tired," said Lottie. But she added, smiling, "While I was gone, mamma, I saw twenty-five of the prettiest little kittens you ever saw."

"Lottie Smith!" exclaimed her mother, reprovingly.

"Really, mamma," said Lottie; "and I wish you could see them, they are so pretty and cunning."

"Twenty-five kittens are a great many, little daughter," said her mother, gravely. "Where did you see them?"

"Over at Mrs. Dunton's, where I went to buy the eggs; and now, mamma, I'll tell you all about it. After Mrs. Dunton had put the eggs in my basket, she said:

"'Come this way a minute. I want to show you something.'

"So she took me into the woodshed, and there, in an old cheese box, were five lovely little kittens. After I had seen them long enough, I started for home, and Willie met me just by the well, and said:

"'Oh, Lottie! come back just a minute, I want to show you something.'

"So he took me in at the back-shed door, and showed me five cunning little kittens in a cheese box.

"In a few minutes Mrs. Dunton called Willie, and I started for home again. Grandpa Dunton met me by the side steps. He said:

"'Why, here's Lottie Smith! just come back, child, I want you to see something we have in the shed.'

"So I went back, and he showed me five kittens, all in a little heap in a cheese box.

"Then I started for home again, and got as far as the gate, when Joe met me, and said:

"'Hello, Lottie Smith! you are just the girl I want to see. I want to show you something. Come back to the house a minute.'

"So I went back with him, and he showed me five fat little kittens in a cheese box.

"After I looked at them I said good-by to Joe, and started to come home by the back way. And Grandma Dunton met me going down the garden-walk. She kissed me, and said:

"'How bright you look, my dear! I want you to see something at the house. Just come back a minute.'

"So she took me back and showed me five sleepy little kittens in a cheese box.

"And now, mamma," said Lottie, triumphantly, "didn't I see twenty-five little kittens?"

Mamma's eyes twinkled, and she said: "It looks a good deal as if you did."

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

ROSE KAVANAGH.

GREEN waves, green waves, whose thunder woke
  Wild music 'neath the deep sea-wall,
Till every fairy echo spoke
  From Duan's cave, in Donegal.

My little nephew's gleeful face
  Was like the sea-pink swinging nigh,
As leaving my safe-sheltered place
  He sprang upon a rock hard by,

And tossed his arms above his head,
  And sang while dancing to and fro;
Then one wild cry—he fell like lead
  Down to the seething gulf below!

That frenzied moment—ah! I know
  Not how I gained the water's brink;
Nor how such agony of woe
  Left heart and brain with power to think.

I fought the boiling surf, and watched
  Each rising wave with bated breath;
I said: "My darling may be snatched
  Even yet from out the jaws of death."

In vain my watch throughout the storm;
  When hope died hard, I cried to God:
"Give back his little lifeless form,
  And I will bear your chastening rod."

Ten hours the tide had still to stay;
  Kneeling I watched its ebb and flow;
But what I suffered then I pray
  No other woman's heart may know.

And once within a quiet pool
  I saw the face that was my own
All agèd, shrunk and pitiful,
  The hair snow-white, the eyes like stone.

At last....what filled that narrow space?
  .....I never knew. Two kisses fell
Upon my sleeping, tear-drenched face:
  The little lad I loved so well

Broke my bad dream. Oh! he was here,
  Living and laughing; high o'er all
God's blessed sun was shining clear,
  And we were far from Donegal!

THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

MRS. A. M. TOMLINSON.

FAR over in Norway's distant realm,
That land of ice and snow,
Where the winter nights are long and drear,
And the North winds fiercely blow,
From many a low-thatched cottage roof,
On Christmas eve, 'tis said,
A sheaf of grain is hung on high,
To feed the birds o'erhead.

In years gone by, on Christmas eve,
When the day was nearly o'er,
Two desolate, starving birds flew past
A humble peasant's door.
"Look! look!" cried one, with joyful voice
And a piping tone of glee;
"In that sheaf there is plenteous food and cheer,
And the peasant had but three.
One he hath given to us for food,
And he hath but two for bread;
But he gave it with smiles and blessings,
'For the Christ Child's sake,' he said."

"Come, come," cried the shivering little mate,
"For the light is growing dim;
'Tis time, ere we rest in that cosy nest,
To sing our evening hymn."
And this was the anthem they sweetly sang,
Over and over again:
"The Christ Child came on earth to bless
The birds as well as men."

Then safe in the snug, warm sheaf they dwelt,
Till the long, cold night was gone,
And softly and clear the sweet church bells
Rang out on the Christmas dawn,
When down from their covert, with fluttering wings,
They flew to a resting-place,
As the humble peasant passed slowly by,
With a sorrowful, downcast face.
"Homeless and friendless, alas! am I,"
They heard him sadly say,
"For the sheriff," (he wept and wrung his hands)
"Will come on New Year's day."

The birdlings listened with mute surprise,
"'Tis hard," they gently said;
"He gave us a sheaf of grain for food,
When he had but three for bread.
We will pray to God, He will surely help
This good man in distress;"
And they lifted their voices on high, to crave
His mercy and tenderness.
Then again to the Christmas sheaf they flew,
In the sunlight, clear and cold;
"Joy! joy! each grain of wheat," they sang,
"Is a shining coin of gold.

"A thousand ducats of yellow gold,
A thousand, if there be one;
O master! the wonderful sight behold
In the radiant light of the sun."
The peasant lifted his tear-dimmed eyes
To the shining sheaf o'erhead:
"'Tis a gift from the loving hand of God,
And a miracle wrought," he said.
"For the Father of all, who reigneth o'er,
His children will ne'er forsake,
When they feed the birds from their scanty store,
For the blessed Christ Child's sake."

"The fields of kindness bear golden grain,"
Is a proverb true and tried;
Then scatter thine alms, with lavish hand,
To the waiting poor outside;
And remember the birds, and the song they sang,
When the year rolls round again:
"The Christ Child came on earth to bless
The birds as well as men."

CORDELIE.

BROTHER PAUL, O. S. F.

THE lordly manor, Cordelie, stood by the river Tweed;
A line of noble ancestry, renowned in word and deed,
Had graced the long ancestral line, in deeds of valor tried;
There still remained one worthy scion, the rest in glory died.

A baby boy, scarce four years old, beside the manor played;
And for his guardian, watchful, bold, a noble mastiff strayed.
His father's hope, his mother's pride, their flaxen-headed boy
Roamed carelessly, the dog beside, and laughed with fearless joy.

But often when the skies are bright and everything looks fair,
There comes a chilling frost to blight the plant that is most rare,
The friend that loved thee purest, best, is sure the first to go;
The voice that cheers thy aching breast is soonest hushed in woe.

The fairy boy had disappeared, his mother's hopes had fled;
His agonizèd father feared the worst; his pride is dead.
And in his burning grief he cried: "My child, young Cordelie!
I wish thy father long had died before that this should be!"

The clan now roams the country wide, o'er hill and dale and glen,
To find some trace whereby to guide the knight to lead his men.

The only clue from north to south, red in the sunlight's glare,
Was hanging from the mastiff's mouth a bunch of human hair.

And then the chief with burning soul, and heart in passion's throe,
Cried out: "Enough! 'tis all explained; I have the secret now.
This is Llewellyn's beard, my men; I'll lay the dastard low;
I'll beard the lion in his den, my sword's good temper show.

"Up, faithful followers, in might, you have been always true;
We'll teach the villains how to fight, and teach them dying, too.
Too long, my friends, your weapons rust; now lay your lances bare;
My arm will lead—our cause is just, we have no other care.

"The pride of old Llewellyn Hall we'll trample in the dust.
To arms! To arms! nor fear to fall; in heaven we place our trust.
Without the noise of horn or drum, or any word to me,
Llewellyn's clan has basely come and stole young Cordelie."

The morrow came, saw hosts arrayed; on each side spears were bright.
Each man would scorn the word "afraid," each felt he championed right.
And foremost of the clans there came the leaders, strong and brave,
To win by prowess living fame, or fill a soldier's grave.

"Yield thee, Llewellyn; Cordelie is master here to-day;
In faith I'll bring thee to thy knee, in this ungodly fray.
Deliver up my child, and then you may have life and land;
Refusing, thou art curst of men, a victim to my hand."

Thus spoke the chieftain, Cordelie, and bared his shining sword;
Llewellyn laughed right merrily, but answered not a word.
"Dost thou not speak? where is my child?" the chieftain asked once more;
His words were fierce, his heart was wild, and once again he swore:

"By all that's great in heaven above, thy life is mine to-day;
A husband's faith, a father's love, compel my hand to slay;
But, as I hope in dying hour for mercy from my God,
If thou dost yield my child, my power will never stain this sod.

"But if thou dost refuse to yield, my vengeance sure will fall;
I'll stain the verdure of this field—I'll shed the blood of all."
Llewellyn dryly smiled, and said, and saying bent him low:
"I know not how to feel afraid, nor how to fear a blow.

"Llewellyn's lances are all bared to stain with blood this clay;
And he has come full well prepared to win the fight to-day.
But, as I hope for mercy's plan my faults to full atone,
I bid thee meet me, man to man, and try results alone."

And turning to his men he said: "Prepare to leave the field;
Obey my orders—I am head—to me alone you yield.
Trust to Llewellyn's lance to right the wrong that is his own;
Or by this sword I'll change the fight, to guard my rival's throne."

Then Cordelie addressed his men: "Leave this fair cause to me.
This hour the green and smiling glen the next hour red must be."
Up, smiling, came brave Cordelie, and showed his glittering steel:
"Thy words, Llewellyn, say to me they are the thoughts you feel.

"Defend Llewellyn's name and dower, for, by my son's sad fate,
This steel will find thy soul this hour, fresh whetted by my hate.
Come on!" and with the words the crash of steel, the sparks appear
In living flame, as lightnings flash in summer-time of year.

Stroke followed stroke, and gash on gash—Llewellyn's on his knee!
But still their steels' good temper flash pure liquid fire, a sea.
"Yield thee, Llewellyn, to thy fate, and yield my son to me,
Yield ere it come to be too late." "I never yield," quoth he.

And saying this, with giant strength he made a horrid thrust;
It reached the heart of Cordelie, who now must bite the dust,
And bending o'er the prostrate form, he raised the drooping head
Of him whose life-blood still was warm, but soon he must be dead.

"O Cordelie! brave Cordelie, would that we never met,
Rest thy faint head upon my knee, thine eye's bright lustre's set.

Thou wast too brave, too wild, too rash, too fond of war's false charms;
Too dearly didst thou love the child now in his mother's arms."

"My child!" gasped sinking Cordelie, "My dear boy safe! depart!
And bring him quickly here to me to press him to my heart;
To print my lips upon his cheek, and see his lustrous eye
To feel his breath and hear him speak, and bless him ere I die.

"You took my child, Llewellyn?" "No. It was not willed by me
As I live, and must one day go to judgment, Cordelie!"
"How came it then?" "A stupid guide mistook his will for mine;
The wretch robbed us of our pride, mistook my hall for thine."

"Llewellyn, I forgive thee now; and ask thee to forgive;
Take back this hair, it suits thy brow; and live, Llewellyn, live!"
"What hair, in God's dear name?" "'Tis here: in the dog's mouth 'twas found,
Held tight, torn from your beard, that's clear; dead the brute lay on th' ground."

"It is not mine, that grizzly hair," amazed, Llewellyn said.
"I saved thy child from death, I swear! The good dog died instead;
In horrid, ghastly, deathly strife, thy mastiff and a bear;
The latter fought to take a life, the former fought to spare.

"With deadly aim my arrow sought the beast's protruding head;
The noble mastiff at his throat received the shaft instead,
And in his mouth that bunch of hair, plucked from the savage beast,
Which safely sought its distant lair; to live, the dog had ceased."

"O God! with grief my heart is wild; what ails my throat? 'tis well!
My love to fair Cordelia, and to my child! farewell!"
"Farewell! farewell, my honest friend, a long and last farewell!
May heaven bless your nearing end, again farewell! farewell!"

LONG AGO.

LIBBIE C. BAER.

ON her lap gran'ma did hol' me,
Smoothed my apron down—jes' so;
Had me fol' my han's, then tol' me—
She's a May queen—long ago;
W'en they had May queens, you know,
Long ago, long, l-o n-g ago.

Gran'ma's hair is thin, an' so white,
An' her face is—puckered so;
But she's sweeter, by enuff sight,
Than some younger folks I know.
Don't you see how dandeli'ns blow—
Turn their gold all into snow?
Gran'ma's hair—it done jes' so,
Long ago, long, l-o-n-g ago.

Hair wuz golden, like the sunlight,
Eyes wuz blue, an' cheeks wuz red;
An' her skin wuz smooth an' so white—
That is jes' w'at gran'ma said.
All in white from tip to toe,
She was May queen, long ago,
Long ago, long, l-o-n-g ago.

Jes' like fairies in green bowers,
Singin', dancin' on the green,
Pickin' out the brightest flowers
Fur to deck their little queen.
Lads and lassies, round they go,
Dancin', singin', bowin' low,
Long ago, long, l-o-n-g ago.

Gran'ma stops. "I'm tired," says she;
"Now go away, dearie." An' I go—
But it's queer w'at she can see now,
Lookin' far off an' sighin' so;
An' I hear her whisperin' low:
"Polly, Betsey, John an' Jo;
Gone, all gone, so long ago,
Long ago, long, l-o-n-g ago."

RESCUED.

LOW hang the clouds like a threatening pall,
While now and then large raindrops fall,
The wild wind whistles through the trees,
Stripped of their leaves by the autumn breeze,
And soughs; the echoes of the distant storm
Sound 'midst the oak-trees' rough, gaunt form.
The stream, which through the summer's day
Babbled and leaped, as a child at play,
Now fiercely swollen, rushes down,
With headlong haste and sullen frown,
Bearing upon its foam-flecked breast
The signs of turmoil and unrest.

Hark! What was that? A plaintive cry!
A figure outlined on the sky,
A girlish form! What brings her here,
Far from her home and friends so dear?
See how with straining eyes she peers,
Those eyes so bright, now dimmed by tears,
Into the muddy vortex, where
A shapeless mass drifts here and there!

Who does not know what 'tis to lose
A long-loved friend ? What grief ensues,
What sorrow, aye, what bitter pain,
Wells forth when snaps life's fragile chain !
Anguish like this must surely now
Cause those hot tears which wring her brow,
As standing by the river's brink,
She sees that loved form rise and sink.
Ah, heavens ! 'Tis gone ! Can no one save
Or help ?
A plunge beneath the wave !
A brave heart battling with the stream !
Safe ! safe at last ! She gives one scream
Of wild delight, and runs to pat
Her dog for fetching out her—hat.

THANKSGIVING EVE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

HAND in hand, through the city streets,
As the chilly November twilight fell,
Two childish figures walked up and down—
The bootblack Teddie, and his sister Nell.

With wistful eyes they peer in the shops,
Where dazzling lights from the windows shine
On golden products from farm and field,
And luscious fruits from every clime.

"O Teddie," said Nell, "let's play for to-morrow
These things are ours, and let's suppose
We can choose whatever we want to eat;
It might come true, perhaps, who knows?"

Two pinched little faces press the pane,
And eagerly plan for the morrow's feast
Of dainties their lips will never touch,
Forgetting their hunger, awhile, at least.

The pavement was cold for shoeless feet;
Ted's jacket was thin; he shivered and said,
"Let's go to a place and choose some clothes."
"Agreed!" said Nell, and away they sped,

To a furrier's shop ablaze with light,
In its fancied warmth they place their hands,
And play their scanty garments are changed
For softest fur from far-off lands.

"A grand Thanksgiving we'll have!" cried Nell,
"These make-believe things seem almost true;
I've 'most forgot how hungry I was,
And, Teddy, I'm *almost* warm, aren't you?"

O happy hearts that rejoice to-day,
In all the bounty the season brings,
Have pity on those who vainly strive
To be warmed and fed by imaginings!

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

I'VE a great deal to do, a great deal to do;
Don't speak to me, children, I pray;
These little boys' hats must be blown off their heads,
And the little girls' bonnets away.

There are bushels of apples to gather to-day,
And oh, there's no end to the nuts!
O'er many long roads I must travel away,
And many by-lanes and short cuts.

There are thousands of leaves lying lazily here
That needs must be whirled round and round!
A rickety house wants to see me, I know,
In the most distant part of the town.

There are signs to be creaked, and doors to be slammed,
Loose window blinds, too, must be shaken!
When you know all the business I must do to-day,
You will see how much trouble I've taken.

I saw some ships leaving the harbor to-day
So I'll e'en go and help them along,
And flap the white sails, and howl through the shrouds,
And join in the sailor-boys' song.

Then I'll mount to the clouds, and away they will sail
On their gorgeous wings through the bright sky;
I bow to no mandate save only to Him
Who reigneth in glory on high.

THE WRECK OF THE SOLENT.

FREDERIC LYSTER.

THE wild winds raved, the tempest roared, the waves rolled mountains high—
It seemed to every soul on board as though earth, sea, and sky
In one commingled mass were blent and welded by the gale;
Save when the quivering lightning rent the darkness, as a veil.
Our boats were gone, and one by one, the men swept from the wheel;
On beam-end thrown, we lay alone off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

A dull, deep thud! a stifled roar, a crushing, tearing grind,
A shock—a crash! The ship's ashore. A prey to waves and wind.
The seas break o'er her fore and aft, the decks are swept quite clear;
No planks nor spars to build a raft are left—we shrink with fear.
The lightning's flash, the thunder's crash shakes her from truck to keel;
The waves tumultuous splash and dash—off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

We were just forty souls and seven, both passengers and crew;
With cries for help we weary heaven, no help appears in view;
We cling to ropes along the deck, and strain our aching sight
Through fog and mist—a helpless wreck the good ship lay that night.
A tiny spark glints through the dark, we watch it roll and reel,
"The life-boat's out!" we wildly shout, from Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

Now poised upon the billow's crest, now whelmèd in the deep,
She struggles on—no pause, no rest, she climbs the wat'ry steep.
She nears, but cannot make us, the current runs so sore;
Must death, then, overtake us, so near our native shore?
Aboard that boat—could we but float a line—hearts true as steel,
Wait us to save from wat'ry grave, off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

Of all the dunnage round the deck naught is there left save one
Old anchor buoy, itself a wreck, with honest service done.
The mate he hitched it to a rope and hove it o'er the side;
God help us—'tis our only hope, may He its course now guide.
It nears them—nay, 'tis swept away, again the line we reel—
Again 'tis cast, our hearts beat fast, off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

Twice has the old float missed its mark, twice was it hurled away,
Twice have we lost it in the dark, twice by the ghastly ray
Of bluelight, burnt aboard that barque, we watched it whelmed and whirled,
Our refuge sole, our only ark of safety in this world.
See ! see ! 'tis caught—fast round the thwart 'tis hitched—a joyous peal,
A clam'rous shout rings wildly out, off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

God bless the life-boat and its crew, its coxswain brave and old !
And Jarvis Arnold is his name, sprung from those vikings bold,
Who made the land and sea their slaves, as likewise we do too.
While still Britannia rules the waves and the stormy winds do blow,
And that old cork float that safety brought we'll hold in honor leal,
And it shall grace the chiefest place in Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

WHAT IS TO-MORROW ?

A BRIGHT little boy with laughing face,
Whose every motion was full of grace,
Who knew no trouble and feared no care,
Was the light of our household—the youngest there.

He was too young—this little elf—
With troublesome questions to vex himself;
But for many days a thought would rise
And bring a shade to the dancing eyes.

He went to one whom he thought more wise
Than any other beneath the skies,
"Mother,"—O word that makes the home !—
"Tell me, when will to-morrow come ?"

"It is almost night," the mother said,
"And time for my boy to be in bed;
"When you wake up and it's day again,
It will be to-morrow, my darling, then."

The little boy slept through all the night,
But woke with the first red streak of light;
He pressed a kiss on his mother's brow,
And whispered, "Is it to-morrow now?"

"No, little Eddie, this is to-day;
To-morrow is always one night away."
He pondered awhile, but joys came fast,
And this vexing question quickly passed.

But it came again with the shades of night;
"Will it be to-morrow when it is light?"
From years to come he seemed care to borrow,
He tried so hard to catch to-morrow.

"You cannot catch it, my dear little Ted;
Enjoy to-day," the mother said;
"Some wait for to-morrow through many a year—
It always is coming, but never is here."

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE earth is so bleak and deserted,
So cold the winds blow,
That no bud or no blossom will venture
To peep from below;
But, longing for springtime, they nestle
Deep under the snow.

Oh, in May how we honored Our Lady,
  Her own month of flowers!
How happy we were with our garlands
  Through all the spring hours!
All her shrines in the church by the wayside,
  Were made into bowers.

And in August—her glorious Assumption—
  What feast was so bright!
What clusters of virginal lilies,
  So pure and so white!
Why, the incense could scarce overpower
  Their perfume that night.

And through her dear feasts of October
  The roses bloomed still;
Our baskets were laden with flowers,
  Her vases to fill—
Oleanders, geraniums and myrtles,
  We chose at our will.

And we know when the Purification,
  Her first feast, comes round,
The early spring flowers to greet it,
  Just opening are found;
And pure, white and spotless, the snowdrop
  Will pierce the dark ground.

And now in this dreary December,
  Our glad hearts are fain
To see if earth comes not to help us;
  We seek all in vain;
Not the tiniest blossom is coming
  Till spring breathes again.

And the bright feast of Christmas is dawning,
  And Mary is blest;

For now she will give us her Jesus,
  Our Dearest, our Best,
And see where she stands, the Maid-Mother,
  Her Babe on her breast!

And not one poor garland to give her,
  And yet now behold
How the kings bring their gifts—myrrh and incense,
  And bars of pure gold;
And the shepherds have brought for the Baby
  Some lambs from their fold.

He stretches His tiny hands toward us,
  He brings us all grace;
And look at His Mother who holds Him—
  The smile on her face
Says they welcome the humblest gifts
  In the manger we place.

Where love takes let love give, and so doubt not;
  Love counts but the will,
And the heart has its flowers of devotion
  No winter can chill;
They who cared for "good-will" that first Christmas
  Will care for it still.

In the chaplet on Jesus and Mary,
  From our hearts let us call;
At each Ave Maria we whisper
  A rosebud shall fall,
And at each Gloria Patri a lily,
  The crown of them all!

NOTES ON AUTHORS.

Baer, Mrs. Libbie C. (1849—) —Born near Bethel, O., November 18. This writer is related on the paternal side to James Whitcomb Riley and Professor David Swing. Her first poem, written at the age of ten, on the death of one of her pets, displayed decided talent. In 1867 she was married to Captain John Baer, who had won high military honors, and on the organization of the Woman's Relief Corps in connection with the G. A. R., she at once filled an important place in its ranks. Her writings have appeared all over the country in *Belford's Magazine*, *Wildwood's Magazine*, *Turf, Field and Farm*, *Golden Voice*, *Arkansaw Traveler*, and other periodicals, but have not yet been collected in book form. Her style is spontaneous, warm and virile.

Blatchford, Pattie Lane.—Born in New York City, of English and Welsh extraction. Her ancestors displayed literary ability, an uncle being a poet, and her maternal great-grandfather the author of a valuable journal on Wyoming, which is now published as an appendix to a history of that state. Miss Blatchford began writing when a mere child, her first published poem, "A Pastoral," appearing in 1883 in the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. From this time she has written regularly for leading papers and magazines, among them being *Good Housekeeping*, *Life*, *Harper's Young People*, and *Werner's Voice Magazine*. She is writing a series of poems on great musicians and singers, with notes on incidents in their lives. Among her poems are: "Legend of the Roses," "The First Te Deum," "Swan Song of Malibran," "Death of Mozart," "An Easter Service." Her work has not yet been collected in book form.

Bradley, Mrs. F. W. (1869—).—This clever writer of verse and short stories was born in Chicago, October 5, and was graduated from the Somerville School, St. Clair, Mich., in 1885. Her first sketch, "Aunt Kitsie's Translation," was published in the Chicago *Tribune* in 1889. She is a regular contributor to the Detroit *Free Press*, Boston *Leader*, *Yankee Blade*, and other papers, and was for a time editor of a magazine, *The Answer*. No work in book form has yet appeared, but she is engaged on a long poem that will be given to the public shortly. Her sketches and short stories include: "Sabeeny," "Uncle Billy's Celebration," "Heimweh," "Judith," "The Judge's Vacation," "The Colonel's Bob," "The Little Singer of St. Luke's;" while among her poems are: "Answer to Prayer," "Yellow Chrysanthemums," "My June Rose," "Prince and Palace," "Lilies of the Valley." She writes under the name of "Kate A. Bradley."

Brooks, Elbridge Streeter (1846—).—Born at Lowell, Mass., April 14th, educated in New York, graduating from the Free Academy in 1866. He has occupied himself with book and newspaper work since 1865, having held positions with the publishing houses of Appleton, Sheldon, and Steiger, besides being connected with the editorial staff of the *Publishers' Weekly*, Brooklyn *Times* and *St. Nicholas*. Since 1887 he has been literary adviser to D. Lothrop Co. His writings have chiefly appeared in *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, *Golden Days*, *Harper's Young People*. Some of his published books are: "Historic Boys," "Historic Girls" (companion books and exceedingly

interesting), "In No Man's Land," "Chivalric Days," "Story of the American Indian," "Story of the American Soldier," "Story of the American Sailor," "Story of the United States" As may be seen by the titles, his works are largely of a patriotic and historical character.

Brooks, Fred Emerson.—For sketch see No. 2. of this series.

Cowan, Samuel K.—An English writer of verse, much of which is particularly suitable for recitation. The scenes of his writings are laid chiefly near the sea and deal with nautical incidents.

Dobson, Austin.—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

English, Thomas Dunn.—For sketch see No. 3 of this series.

Frost, Thomas.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Gaddess, Mrs. Mary L.—For sketch see No 2 of this series.

Harby, Lee C. (1849—).—This gifted Southerner was born at Charleston, S. C., Sept. 7, and received her education at home, under the supervision of her father, a graduate of Glasgow University (Scotland), and a great aunt. Her first literary work was done for the Galveston *News* and New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. She was soon writing for all the leading Southern papers, as well as the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* and *Times*, San Francisco *Chronicle* and *Call*, and the New York papers. These contributions were character sketches, historical items and general literary work. She also wrote stories for the *Southern Bivouac*, the *Brooklyn Magazine*, *America*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Magazine*, and a series of six poems for the *Current*; also poems for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, New York *Home Journal*, *Western Magazine*, *Munsey's Weekly*, and a host of other papers. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Magazine* has now in hand a series of articles written during Mrs. Harby's recent trip through the South. She is the only member of Sorosis who has been honored with election while a resident of a Southern state. Her principle work is "The City of a Prince," which piece of historical research gained for her membership in the American Historical Association. Perhaps her next most important work is "Texan Types and Contrasts," in *Harper's Magazine*, and "The Old Stone Fort at Nacagdoches," in *American Magazine*, which has been translated into Spanish and republished in the Rio Janiero papers. No book has yet appeared, though she hopes soon to bring out a volume of historical research.

Harvey, James Clarence.—This author is one of the few that recite their own poems, and as a reciter Mr. Harvey is as pleasing as he is in versifying. For some time he was on the stage, but is now connected with the publishing house of Lovell. In 1889 appeared a collection of his writings called "Lines and Rhymes." He is at present collaborating on a novel.

Hemans, Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Browne (1794–1835).—A native of Liverpool. Her first volume of poems, "Early Blossoms," appeared when she was scarcely fifteen. In 1812 she was married to a captain in the English army, with whom she was very unhappy. She died in Dublin after a long illness. Her writings are unusually graceful, frequently tinged with pathos or heroism, but seldom raising to the sublime. Her voice was of rare sweetness. Among her works are: "Modern Greece," 1817; "Tales and Historic Scenes," 1823; "Vespers of Palermo," 1823; "Songs of the Affections," 1830; "Hymns of Life," 1834.

Holland, Josiah Gilbert (1819–1881).—Born at Belchertown, Mass., July 24. Dr. Holland practiced medicine for three years, was editor of a literary journal for some months, and was superintendent of public schools at Vicksburg, Miss., for a year. In 1849 he became associate editor of the

Springfield *Republican*, and later one of its proprietors, remaining till 1866. In 1870 he accepted the editorship of *Scribner's Monthly*, afterward the *Century Magazine*. He wrote much under the *nom de plume* of "Timothy Titcomb." He was also a successful lecturer on literary and social topics. Among his works are: "The Bay Path," 1857; "Bittersweet," 1858; "Gold Foil," 1859; "Miss Gilbert's Career," 1860; "The Marble Prophecy and other Poems," 1872; "Arthur Bonnicastle," 1873. He died in New York.

Hough, Alfred J. (1847—).—Born in England September 23, but is a naturalized American. Has been a preacher in the Vermont Methodist Conference for twenty years, occupying its leading pulpits; he is also Chaplain of the House of Representatives. His poems have appeared in *The Independent*, *Congregationalist*, *Golden Rule*, *Sunday School Times*, and other leading papers, and have been widely copied on both sides of the Atlantic. He is a successful lecturer, one of his most popular lectures being a lecture-poem called "The Country Parson."

Lanier, Clifford (1844—).—Born in Georgia April 24, his writings have appeared in leading magazines and newspapers. In 1867 he published a novel entitled "Thorn Fruit." He is brother of the late Sidney Lanier.

Latimer, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Wormeley (1822—).—Though a native of London, and her father an English admiral, Mrs. Latimer's family on both sides had been settled in New England and Virginia for 200 years. Her first teacher was Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, but her general education was received in England and France. She is a cosmopolitan in the truest sense of the word, for many years alternating between America and Europe, witnessing the downfall of Louis Phillippe in Paris in 1848. In 1849 she returned to America, where she has since lived. In 1856 she was married to Randolph B. Latimer, of Baltimore, and for the next twenty years her pen was idle. Her first novel appeared in 1846, followed by "Amabel" and "Our Cousin Veronica," both of which have passed through several editions both here and abroad. In 1876 she resumed literary work, writing the novels, "Salvage," "My Wife and My Wife's Sister," and "Princess Amelie," a novelette, "A Chain of Errors," and translating "Mme. Gosselin," "The Steel Hammer," "For Fifteen Years," and "Nanon." She also published "Familiar Talks on Some of Shakespeare's Comedies," and has a book on "Historical Gossip: France 1830 to 1890" in press. She is a frequent contributor to leading magazines, among her original poems being, "St. George," "St. Anthony," "St. Patrick," "St. Nicholas," and translating the "Hat," Coppée's "Shipwrecked," Victor Hugo's "Louis XVII.," a Roumanian ballad, "Childe Milm," and many others. Her principal short stories are: "Punished Enough," "The English Girl in Roumania," "Lord Allen's Daughter," "The Price of Safety," "Old Polly Crane," "Loose Leaves from the Journal of a Civil Engineer." Her writings have appeared in *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Lippincott's*, Miss Yonge's *Monthly Packet*. Her parlor lectures on literature and modern history are a feature of Baltimore culture.

Lyster, Frederic (1833—).—Born in Dublin; his father was an army officer. When a boy he was midshipman in the British navy. Becoming politically involved in the Smith-Mitchell rebellion, he came to the United States in 1848, where he has since resided. He has also lived for several years in Australia. He contributes to all the leading periodicals and papers on literary and various other topics of the day. He is a pungent writer, with strong prejudices. He has written several plays, among them being "Two Millions of Money," produced at the St. James's Theatre, London, and "Kittens," pro-

duced at the Theatre Royal, Brighton; also one of the translators of "Miss Helyett," one of the Star Theatre, New York, successes, and "Uncle Celestine," produced at the Casino.

McGill, William (1850—).—Born in Edinburgh, his parents removed to America in 1857, and three years later settled in Canada, where he still lives. From boyhood he has been fond of writing, but has contributed to the press only within the last few years, his work appearing chiefly in Canadian papers. As yet, nothing has been published in book form.

Miles, George H. (1824—).—Born in Baltimore. One of his best-known works is "Mohammed, the Arabian Prophet," being written in successful competition for a prize offered by Edwin Forrest. Other of his writings are: "Loretto," "De Soto," "Mary's Birthday."

Morris, William (1834—).—This author was born in London, and educated at Exeter College. His chief writings are: "Defence of Guenevere," 1858; "The Earthly Paradise," 1868–70; "Hopes and Fears for Art," 1882; "Life and Death of Jason," a poem in seventeen books; and translator of "The Æneid," 1876. He has been described as an artist of the beautiful, whose poetry is "wholly removed from self, full of soft music and a familiar olden charm." His style resembles that of Chaucer.

Nesbit, E.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Perry, Carlotta.—A poet of New England parentage, but of Western birth and education, descended on the paternal side from English Quakers who came to this country in early colonial days. From her mother, who was of Scotch ancestry, Miss Perry received her gift of song. Though she rhymed in childhood, her regular literary career began in 1873. Her writings have appeared in all the leading magazines and literary papers, and have been largely for children and youth. Her style is charming, and her poems have been selected as representative in many collections, notably "Love Songs of Three Centuries," compiled by Jessie O'Donnell; "American Sonnets," compiled by Col. T. W. Higginson and Mrs. Bigelow, and Kate Sanborn's "Wit and Humor of American Women." Her present work is miscellaneous. As a writer of short stories she is particularly successful. Her first and only book is a volume of poems published in 1889.

Procter, Adelaide Anne—(1825–1864).—This unusually gifted woman was born in London October 30, the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, widely known by his *nom de plume* of "Barry Cornwall." Miss Procter was a genuine poet, writing with a delicacy and purity that are delightful. Her poems are either of a sentimental, a religious, or a sorrowful strain. Her work is published in "Legends and Lyrics," with an introduction by Charles Dickens, 1865.

Pryor, Roger Atkinson (1828—).—A Virginian, born July 19. He is a graduate of Hampden-Sidney College and the University of Virginia, and has been a journalist, establishing at Richmond *The South*. He served one term in Congress, and then entered the Civil War on the Southern side, rising to Brigadier-General.

Randall, James Ryder (1839—).—A journalist by profession, born in Baltimore, January 1. He has been connected with important newspapers, among them being the New Orleans *Sunday Delta* and the Augusta *Constitutionalist*, of which he was editor. One of his most widely known pieces is "Maryland, My Maryland," written while he was in college. His verse has been entirely fugitive.

Rice, Sara Sigourney.—A teacher by profession, whose name is widely known as the projector of the Poe monument in Baltimore. Through her untiring efforts the neglected grave of the poet was beautified by the erection of a graceful shaft, the unveiling of which brought letters to her from notable people all over the world. These letters she had lithographed and incorporated in a "Poe Memorial." She is largely occupied with educational duties, having been for years teacher in a large school. She has compiled several collections of recitations.

Riley, James Whitcomb.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Rogers, Mrs. Loula Kendall.—For sketch see No. 3 of this series.

Ruskin, John (1819—).—Born in London in February, the son of wealthy parents. He was graduated from Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1842. He had already made a start in literary work, having taken, in 1839, the Newdigate prize for English poetry. On graduating he began the study of art and water color work, and in a few years became an authority in this line. His first work, "Modern Painters," appeared in 1843, followed in 1845 by a second volume, "Imagination and the Theoretic Faculties," to which series he added three more volumes. Extended trips to the Continent resulted in his writing "Seven Lamps of Architecture." 1849, "The Stones of Venice," 1851–3. He was appointed Rede lecturer at Cambridge in 1867, receiving the degree of LL.D., and two years later was made Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford. His writings are chiefly on art, and are quite voluminous. Some of the more important, besides those already mentioned, are: "Elements of Perspective," 1839; "Elements of Drawing in Three Letters for Beginners," 1857; "Sesame and Lilies," 1864; "Time and Tide," 1867; "The Queen of the Air," 1869; "Aratra Pentelici," 1872; "Mornings in Florence."

Shurtleff, William Steele (1830—).—Born at Newbury, Vt., Feb. 17, literature has formed but an incident in his life. Educated for the bar, he became probate judge at Springfield, Mass., in 1863, and has retained the position ever since. Many of his poems have been prepared for special occasions, one of the most celebrated being an ode commemorative of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Springfield.

Tennyson, Alfred.—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

Wall, Mrs. Burton T. (1859—).—Born in Wisconsin, Sept. 19, she received her education in the public schools of that State. To quote her words, "I cannot remember when I did not love to write verses." In spite of delicate health from childhood, she has been a prolific writer, and her poems if collected would fill a large volume. Many sketches have also come from her pen. Her work has appeared chiefly in *Farm and Fireside*, Milwaukee *Sentinel*, Chicago *Sun*, Rocky Mountain *Christian Advocate*, and occasionally in the *Waverly Magazine*. She is primarily a poet of nature, the trees, hills, mountains, changing skies, streams, affording her her truest inspiration. Her writing has been printed under the name of "Annie Wall"

Wilson, Mrs. Joseph J.—Mary Drew was born at Eastport, Me., and received her early education in the Chicago public schools, graduating from the Chicago Ladies' Seminary with honors. She married in 1881. Mrs. Wilson is best known as a reciter, her elocutionary ability developing at an early age. She has taken the part of *Onora* in the dramatized version of Browning's "Lay of the Brown Rosary," and of *Laila* in the opera of that name. At present she is teaching and reciting. She is an excellent musician.